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WHAT THE YEARS BRING.

BY J. H.

Two sunny-haired and clear-voiced children stood
Among the flowers all careless; sunshine played
About their golden heads; and in the wood
The birds rejoiced, and pleasant music made.
Ah! Life's fresh morning is so gay and sweet,
They cared not for the flowers beneath their feet.

A youth and maiden in the summer noon
Wandered, and looked into each other's eyes,
And thought that Love was such a priceless boon,
That having it, no little cloud could rise
Upon their sky—so radiant, when we love,
Grows earth around us, and the sky above.

Two happy lives, close welded into one;
Bright children playing round them, and the light
Of Love and Home, like to the blessed sun
Shining about them, while the calm years' flight
Bring only happiness, for Home and Love
Are dear as heaven and the saints above.

One widowed heart, whose life-pulse beats alone;
Children all fatherless, and hope all fled.
What matter that she makes such bitter moan,
Or shrouds in fruitless woe her golden head?
The world goes by, all careless of her woe;
Cold world, which ever treats our sorrows so!

A grave, where tender maidens come to weep,
Bringing fresh garlands, when the old are dead.
What matters it? Their love breaks not the sleep
Of the quiet ears which hear no more their tread.
Such are our little lives; but heaven is ours,
When faded are our hopes, our loves and flowers.

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

"HELENA," said he, "do you remember that Violet was entirely bent on that little blonde, in her new scheme of adopting a child? Do you know that I was very glad she did so?"

"Why if you admire the other?"

"Because it would hardly look decorous to marry one's sister's adopted daughter," he replied; "and I thought you and I could manage a better system for that charming little creature, than poor Violet's training."

"Sidney, are you mad?" said Mrs. Cowan. "Do you suppose I could be troubled with a child like that, and not my own? To have all the care and annoyance of educating and bringing out a girl, with no earthly reason whatever? You really must excuse me."

"My dear Helena," said he, "I think nothing of the kind; nor do I wish anything so troublesome or unreasonable.

"I would only entreat your aid in my plans where female co-operation is indispensable, with as little plague to you as may be.

"My plan is simply this: I am convinced that the child is of gentle blood, which I grant is indispensable to my wife.

"If I find I am right, I shall then really, while I shall ask you to do it ostensibly, undertake the whole expense of her education in the style that is befitting for my future wife, till she is of an age to be brought, first to your home, and then to the altar as my bride.

"And what I propose is this: if you will select a suitable person to have the entire charge of the child, under your superintendence, or rather surveillance, from time to time, with *carte blanche* for all necessary disbursements, I will myself of course keep in the background, till the right time comes, and then appear to claim her. Thus the sole trouble you would have would be occasional visits to my ward and her governess, and perhaps a few days' hospitality from time to time, that you and I also might judge better of her progress and promise. What say you to this?"

"And is she to be kept in ignorance of her future destiny?" inquired Mrs. Cowan.

"Scarcely," he replied; "at least, not after a time. And if well managed, I fancy the romance, and gratitude, and poetry of such a prospect will tolerably ensure the love and willing consent of the girl to my plans."

"It is a dangerous experiment," said Mrs. Cowan, dubiously, "and one that has been more than once tried, and failed."

"I know it," said Sidney, "and I do not pretend to the merit of originality."

"And why should it succeed you with more than others?" she asked. "Remember, the child cannot be more than eight years old. You are——"

"Twenty-nine," interrupted Sidney; "and when she is marriageable I shall not be forty.

"I understand what you mean. But, Helena, you and I are sufficiently experienced in the world, and far enough past the vanities and self-deceptions of tyros, to talk frankly and sensibly even of that delicate subject—age.

"Now, I allow, a splendid girl of nineteen as Claudy will inevitably become under proper influence, will scarcely bestow a thought on a man whom she would call absolutely old.

"But it will be very different under this plan, and under such circumstances as Claudy's.

"I would have her taught, firstly, to believe she is only being prepared for a superior position than she could hope for in that charity school, and yet that she will probably have to support herself.

"Next, I come in; and you will confess I am rather of a style to preserve well even to that formidable age.

"I offer her wealth, station, love, prestige—all that a proud girl can wish—and proud she is even at her early age, if those eyes speak truth.

"Don't you see that she will look on me as a deliverer from a fate she will detest more and more, as she learns what luxury and gaiety really are?"

"True she may accept you, but what then?" said Mrs. Cowan. "The lovely young wife of the sober Mr. Ashley may be the centre of rather too idolizing a circle to be pleasant or safe for her husband."

"I will take care of that" said Sidney, haughtily.

"If kindness, devotion, indulgence, won't do, I know how to be master, even of a beautiful, passionate girl.

"Do not fear for me, Helena, but only tell me whether you will undertake your part of the business."

The lady still hesitated, though she did not speak a refusal.

"Helena, think—think of the past—think how much I have suffered," he continued, in a voice of unwonted emotion, "and then say whether you will refuse what is the only chance of making amends for the past."

"Dear Sidney," she replied, softened by the unusual agitation of that world-hardened nature, "if I could be sure—if I could but be once convinced that it would be for your happiness——"

"Helena, at least it's a chance," said he; "it is some hope—some excitement—after the dull, unvaried coldness—the seared, worldly indifference to all and every pleasure and friendship; or anything that can make life other than a dull, selfish bitter experience.

"It is too late for me to know the best, the noblest happiness of life. I can never be anything but a selfish, useless waif in the world, if I cannot find some one object to look forward to—something less dull and dreary than a lonely unloved, despised old age."

"Sidney, I do not know you this morning!" she exclaimed.

"I do not know myself," he replied. "I even scorn my own weakness in thus confessing all the hollowness of what the world thinks my indifference and superiority to common follies and common affections. But you will keep my secret, and when we have once settled this matter we will try and forget that you ever saw moisture in Sidney Ashley's eyes."

"Ah, Sidney," said Mrs. Cowan, with a sad smile, "it is not genuine, or you ought not to be ashamed of such a touch of humanity. However, if we really find that this girl's birth and antecedents will not disgrace you, I will think over the best mode of carrying out your schemes. But, Sidney, did you notice that other girl—I mean the plain one?"

"The one who blazed up when Violet called her ugly?" said Sidney.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Cowan; "what did you think of her?"

"That I should be sorry to attempt my training scheme with such a premature damsel," said Sidney. "There was no common character in the face, plain as it is."

"That child," said Mrs. Cowan, "if she were as well brought up as you propose doing for your dark little love, would make a splendid woman, Sidney, which neither of the beautiful little creatures whom you admire so much would touch in fascination."

"Well, Helena, I confess you are no bad judge," returned Sidney; "but I have a masculine weakness for beauty, and I have seldom seen two more perfect infantine specimens than my future ward and Violet's adopted daughter. It is a pity a man cannot have two wives. I'd marry them for a variety—tears and water; no sad mixture for a Sybarite like myself."

"Take care, Sidney, or I shall retract my promise," said Mrs. Cowan.

"My dear Helena, you are too wise to mistake jest for earnest," said Sidney, "and so I will now bid you good-bye, and leave you to your repose and your repast of gossip."

Mrs. Cowan held out her hand, but the young man bent down and kissed her still fair, round cheek—a liberty which few women at her age resent from a young and handsome relation like Sidney Ashley.

* * * * * *

The arrangements for the adoption of Lillian Graham were fully completed, and Lady Joddrell went again to the asylum to claim her "jewel," as she called her new plaything.

"You need not take any trouble about her clothes, Mrs. Fenton," said the triumphant beauty.

"Of course, nothing that she has worn here can be of the least use to Lillian in her new position; but get the parting over as soon as possible, for I hate all this trouble and fuss."

"One moment, Violet," said Mrs. Cowan quietly; "I have some business as well as yourself with Mrs. Fenton. I want to know something of the history of these pretty orphans; I mean of your beautiful smiling little pet and of Claudy. Will you oblige me, Mrs. Fenton, with any particulars you can as to their births and the circumstances that drove them to this asylum?"

"Willingly, madam," replied the good woman, who had more confidence in the quiet, sensible-looking Helena Cowan, than in the volatile, capricious Lady Joddrell. "Barbara and Lillian Graham are, I have been told, orphans of a gentleman who died very suddenly, and left his two little girls and their mother almost destitute. The widow lived just long enough to exhaust the small sum he left, except what served to buy the two orphans a presentation to the asylum. Poor little things! it was a terrible change to them, for they had been brought up as tenderly as any gentleman's children."

"And Claudy, what of her?" asked the lady.

"Her story is rather a strange one, madam," replied the matron.

"Mr. Gabine, I was informed, was a gentleman of very old family, who had married an Italian lady, but the marriage was a very unhappy one; and when, by the death of both her parents, their only child was left an orphan, an old servant of their house placed her here with a certain sum for her maintenance, and said she would claim her again at the end of the period when by our rules, she must leave the asylum."

"And where is this woman now?" asked Mrs. Cowan.

"Dead, or gone abroad, madam, as I have every reason to believe, as she has not appeared here for more than a year," was the reply.

"Thank you Mrs. Fenton, I will not detain you any longer," said the lady; and the matron withdrew.

"Are you going to imitate my example, Helena, after laughing at me so unmercifully?" asked Lady Joddrell, smilingly.

"Not exactly, Violet," was the reply. "If I undertake the little Italian, it will be in a very different style from your plan for Lillian.

"I am rather inclined to give her a better chance for a ladylike living than she would have as an upper servant.

"But I have determined on nothing yet. Most certainly she will not be brought up in my house, nor be taught to fancy herself my daughter," she added, with a significant nod.

"Ah! you were always so cool in your ways, Helena," said Lady Joddrell, sarcastically.

"I never could do anything by halves; and if I am to take the trouble of a child, it shall not be for nothing.

"But I hope they will not be long, or I shall think almost the penance too great for the pleasure."

Did poor Barbara think those few brief moments aught but a fleeting breath—a flash of departing sunshine, gone ere it was well felt or prized—as she sat on the edge of the blue-curtained bed, and drew her little idol close to her heard and kissed the beautiful face, and smoothed the golden curls, and looked into the bright blue eyes with an unnatural calmness, though as the little creature returned her kisses, she felt as if rude hands were tearing her heart through? But she knew she must give her up; there was no effort in her power which could avail to keep her treasure, and that brave spirit nerved itself for the trial. Not a tear dimmed her eye; not a sob broke from her colorless lips.

"Lily, my own little sister," she said, "you must not cry any more. Let me wash your face; you will make your head ache if you cry so."

"Oh, Barbara," she sobbed, "I don't want to go away from you."

"My darling, I know you don't," said Barbara; "but you will have a great many things to make you happy, and I shall come to see you as often as I can. I can't bear to have you go; but I cannot help it, so be so good that the lady will love you."

"But to-night, when I go to bed, you will not be there when I say my prayers," returned Lillian. "Oh, Barbara!" she sobbed again; "why can't you go?"

"They do not want me, my darling," she replied; "but you can kneel down and say your prayers, and God will hear you the same as if you were with me, and I will ask Him to love you all the more, and take care of you. And you will not forget me, Lily; you will always love me, won't you?" she asked; and a deep, terrible gasp came from her over-burdened heart.

"Oh, sister, sister, I will not go," cried Lillian, and the little creature struggled in her sister's arms as if to escape.

"My pet, I was wrong," said Barbara. "Lily, dear," she added, "if you will not make me unhappy, you will go quietly. I know you will be happy after the first few days; it will be more like home than this, only——"

Fortunately for Barbara's firmness the matron entered, with the traces of tears on her cheeks.

"Come, my pets, they will not wait any longer," she said. "I hope my little Lily will try to be good, and Barbara shall come as soon as she can to see you."

She took Barbara's hand as if to console her for her approaching trial, but the child clung pertinaciously to her sister, though with a tearless eye and resolute step, as she conducted her to the reception-room. Lady Joddrell was impatiently waiting for her little charge; and the moment they entered she rose and prepared to depart.

It was better so; and Barbara knew it. Yet it was a death-knell—a stunning blow to her last faint hope of a reprieve from misery that wellnigh overcame her resolution to curb back her terrible grief.

She drew near to Mrs. Cowan, as if with an instinctive feeling that there was more hope that her feelings might be better comprehended by that lady than by her sister's protectress.

"Oh, madam!" she said, in an imploring tone, "may I see my sister sometimes? and will you all be good and kind to her? She is so tender so unused to harshness, that it would break her heart if she were not to see me."

"Violet," said Mrs. Cowan, looking at her niece with a significant glance, "I may, I am sure, promise for you, that you will comply with this little girl's request."

"Certainly," she replied, in a tone which chilled poor Barbara's heart.

Barbara, however, suppressed a groan of agony, and straining the loved one to her heart, pressed her lips to Lily's. "God bless my little sister," she said, "my darling—my all!"

She saw the matron put the child in the servant's arms, and saw the little face looking appealingly from the carriage-window as they drove off.

Then she went up to the dormitory and seated herself on Lily's vacant bed. The child never knew how the hours passed on that wretched afternoon, but sat with her face buried in her hands, until the light flashed into the darkened chamber, and the kind voice of the matron fell on her ear.

"Barbara," she said, "will you have some supper, my dear? I will bring it up to you here, if you like—only do eat some."

"No, thank you," she replied; "I cannot eat, it would choke me."

"My poor, poor child!" said the kind woman. "I would have saved you this trial had it been in my power; but after such an offer had been made and decided on by the directors, I could not venture to interfere. I am sure they were sorry to separate you and Lily; but still, perhaps, it would hardly have been right to refuse such a prospect for the darling. And indeed, my love, Lily was hardly fit to battle with the world; only I wish you could have gone also."

Barbara's dark grey eyes flashed out of their sad depths for a moment, as she replied: "I would not have gone, Mrs. Fenton."

"Why not, my child? Lady Joddrell is very wealthy, and her husband, who is much older than herself, lets her do as she pleases. I only wish both my dear children were provided for," said Mrs. Fenton.

"Dear ma'am, you are very kind," said Barbara, "but I can work. I shall not mind work; but I cannot bear parting with Lily."

"But it is for her good, my dear," said the matron; "and who knows but something might turn up for you, too, to keep you more in your own station than I can do?"

"Ah," said Barbara, her pale face lightening a little, "if I could only learn enough to be a governess, or write books, or something of that sort, I should be so glad. But I could not go to any one to keep me. The food provided for me would choke me, and the clothes would not feel like my own. I must earn my own living, Mrs. Fenton, or——"

"Child, child, you do not know what you are saying," returned the matron, hastily. "It's pride, Barbara, sinful pride that makes you speak thus.

"If you are giving some one pleasure in doing you good, and they—like Lady Joddrell—want to have some one to love and make them happy, it would be only wicked and selfish pride that would refuse it, because it was a free kindness.

"My dear little girl; I sometimes fear you may have to suffer before you are taught the meek and holy spirit that befits a woman, though you are the best and dearest child I have among all my little ones."

Barbara was silenced, though perhaps she could scarcely yet comprehend the full force of the good woman's arguments, and though the undeveloped intellect and aspiring, noble spirit within was as yet too untrained and too galled by early adversity to be so easily subdued.

"Well, well, we won't talk any more of these things to-night," said the kind matron drawing the child towards her and kissing the icy-cold cheek till it grew somewhat warmer and more lifelike.

"I will bring you up your supper, and you shall go to bed, and I will come and see you the last thing, in case you may not go to sleep directly."

The good matron's cares were rewarded in some degree by the returning composure of her *protegee*.

Barbara's shivering frame was somewhat warmed by the unusual hot bread-and-milk and the caresses of the sympathizing friend. And thanks to the happy influence of early childhood and the exhaustion of her long grief, she sank into a deep, refreshing sleep, which at least calmed her little fevered system, though it could not heal the deep, aching wound in her young heart.

CHAPTER III.

A WEEK had elapsed, and the household at the asylum was regaining its former routine after the excitement of the little Lily's departure, all save Barbara, and she, unlike most children of her age, after the first burst of grief, made no sign, no complaint, but went about her usual occupations with a cold, stony look, and dreamy air, as if all interest, all hope in life was gone.

Her lessons were learnt, her work was performed with scrupulous care and attention to the duties assigned her; but when all was done, and the play hours had arrived, she would seek her own dormitory or some lonely forsaken nook in the leafless grounds, and there sit, in the undisturbed indulgence of the bitter grief, the dreary desolation of her young heart.

She was too young, perhaps, for the real, conscious, yearning wish which too many a lonely sufferer has cherished for death—for release from a life that seemed to have no ties, no charms, for her; but she had that painful, wretched sense of being an unloved intruder in a world that seemed to have no place for her; that dreary dread of a long life of sorrow, which leads to that sinful yet too instinctive desire for the death from which frail morals start with horror at its real approach.

About a week after Lily's departure, Barbara was sitting in her favorite nook, her head buried in her hands, and her long black hair, half escaped from its confinement, nearly hiding her small hand, when a sound of wheels was heard, and she eagerly looked up at the approaching vehicle.

A vague idea that it might bring back Lily once more—that the lady might have changed her mind, or that the child's continued unhappiness might have obliged her restoration to her old home, brought the light and color to her face, and she sprang up and flew eagerly back to the house, that she might be in readiness to receive the precious returned treasure.

To Barbara's inexperienced eyes, it seemed the very same carriage that had taken her darling from her; the same rich trappings, the same handsome vehicle which had brought her such woe.

It dashed rapidly up the gravel sweep, and stopped at the steps.

The servant jumped down, and gave the same strong, well-remembered peal at the gate bell.

Barbara crouched down under the shrubs her heart beating till she could scarcely breathe, and her little frame shaking with emotion.

The carriage-door was opened, and a lady stepped from the vehicle, whom the child recognised at once as Mrs. Cowan.

She looked eagerly, gaspingly, for the next person to appear, but the door was shut and the lady entered the house, and all was still once more.

Poor child! She felt cold and sick with the terrible revulsions, and with some difficulty she dragged her limbs up the stairs to her room, and throwing herself on the floor she buried her face in the pillows, and sobbed as if her heart would burst.

Mrs. Fenton entered the room where the lady awaited her, with a surprise and curiosity that was equal in degree, if less painful in its nature, to that of her poor little *protegee*.

She could only suppose that something untoward had occured with regard to Lily; and though her good sense told her it would be a most undesirable and even dangerous result of the arrangement, she could hardly altogether regret what might re-unite the little orphans once more; but the first few words of the stylish-looking guest undeceived her as to the object of her visit.

"Mrs. Fenton, you will be glad to hear that your little charge is well and happy," she said, graciously signing the matron to sit down as she spoke.

"My niece, Lady Joddrell, is enchanted with her little treasure, and the child herself seems as bright and happy a little fairy as can well be seen."

Of course the matron expressed her satisfaction at the report, though the inward feeling of her heart was perhaps "so soon—so soon to forget!"

"My present errand," continued Mrs. Cowan, "is one of a somewhat similar nature, though not exactly with the same object, as Lady Joddrell's.

"I have neither the will nor the power to do as she has done, nor am I sure that the arrangement is a desirable one; but there are ways of benefiting and restoring children to their original station more safe and less troublesome than adopting them. In my opinion the kindest and most effectual mode of serving them is to give them the blessing of a thorough education and refined training; and it is my intention, with the consent of the directors, which I have already obtained, to extend these advantages to one of the little ones we saw the other day."

Mrs. Fenton brightened. She hoped that her favorite, Barbara, was about to receive advantages quite as great as those of her more attractive sister, and her lips parted with the very name, though as after-thought checked the impulse, and she merely bowed a respectful assent to the lady's proposition.

"I think I understand you that the child was of gentle birth," said Mrs. Cowan.

"Yes, madam," was the reply; "she and the little Lily were——"

"She and Lily!" interrupted the lady; "of whom then do you suppose I am speaking?"

"I hoped—that is, I imagined—it might be Barbara Graham," said Mrs. Fenton. "The dear child has such a thirst for knowledge and so much talent that——"

"No doubt, no doubt," said the lady impatiently; "but it has no relation just now to what I dare say is perfectly correct and true.

"It is the little Claudy Sabine, I think you said her name was, that I intend to place under a governess, who will train her up for a proper and more suitable employment to a well-born child, than an asylum, intended no doubt for a different class of children, can afford. You understand my meaning?"

"Not altogether," said the matron with an air of some bewilderment; for she could scarcely connect any idea of superior talent or successful culture with the lovely, impulsive, undisciplined little Claudy.

"Well, then, I will explain," said the lady, "though I presume it is hardly needful under the circumstances.

"I have selected a lady of great accomplishments and cultivation, who will be extremely glad to increase her small income by receiving a child like Claudy under her roof.

"The little one will be trained in every respect as I shall direct, and I trust in a few years fitted to take the position intended for her.

"Till then I have engaged to take charge of her in every respect, and to make proper provisions for her, in the event of my death or of any change occuring in my plans, or residence in England."

"Of course, madam," said Mrs. Fenton, who had by this time fully recovered her senses, "it is quite at your discretion and the will of the directors; but pardon my saying, as the person most acquainted with the characters and talents of the children—that for such a purpose the little girl I first hoped was the object of my bounty, would have been singularly adapted.

"Barbara has unusual intellect, an intense love of study, and great application. Such a destiny as you mention would have been particularly suited for her."

Mrs. Cowan flushed a little; she felt the inevitable awkwardness of all who veil a real object under a pretext.

"I do not doubt what you say," she replied; "indeed, my own observation would have confirmed yours.

"But there are reasons for my choice which have little relation to the circumstances you mention, and those reasons induce me positively to fix on Claudy for my *protegee*."

"Shall I prepare her to accompany you now, madam?" said Mrs. Fenton, respectfully.

"No, not so quickly as that," replied the lady.

"I am rather more deliberate in my plans than my niece; and I do not wish to excite any such stormy scenes as we saw the other day.

"I will send for her the day after to-morrow, if you will have her ready by that time, and she shall be at once taken to her future home, and make acquaintance with her governess, without being spoiled by a glimpse of a more indulgent and luxurious life."

"I think you are right, quite right madam," said the matron, cordially; "and if you will permit me to suggest, I think it will be better not to say anything to the other little ones of this fresh change of fortune for one of their companions. It might only excite jealousy or foolish fancies and discontent among them. I shall merely announce that Claudy has been sent for, to be placed at another school, and for that reason I would beg you not to send a carriage, or any person who might appear to the children as an indication of future exaltation for Claudy."

"Certainly; I believe you are right, and I will take care the messenger shall be unpretending enough not to excite any envy, hatred, or uncharitableness among your pupils. And now I will wish you good day."

With the same dignified and somewhat cold courtesy that had marked her manner through the interview, Mrs. Cowan then departed.

Barbara had crouched on her lowly resting-place till the sound of the carriage-wheels startled her from her dull, aching agony.

Then she sprang to the window and just caught sight of the departing vehicle, with its dashing appointments in horses, and servants, and liveries.

It seemed like the last link that connected her with Lillian, and she cast herself once more on the floor and wept bitter, cold, miserable tears.

She heard Mrs. Fenton's voice speaking to some one in the corridor, and hastily darted to the door, and opened it as the matron appeared at the entrance with a parcel in her hand.

"Barbara, my love, I have a pleasant surprise for you," she said smilingly, pointing to the neatly-tied square parcel she held. "You will find you are not so forgotten nor unloved as you suppose. See, here!"

"From Lily! oh, tell me, is there news of Lily?" she said, unheeding the tempting-looking packet.

"My love, Lily is well and happy, and we must learn to rejoice that the little delicate blossom is sheltered in so luxurious and safe a hothouse. But, look, you have not read the direction on the parcel."

Barbara languidly obeyed the kind matron's behest, and to her utter astonishment read:

"To Barbara Graham. From a Friend."

"Open it," said Mrs. Fenton, with benevolent pleasure at the gratification awaiting her favorite.

Barbara's little trembling fingers untied the string and opened the well-folded paper. It revealed a quantity of books, such books as she had perhaps dreamed of—had, perhaps, seen in her parents' house in her infant days, but had never even dared to hope in her wildest visions could be hers.

The selection was more judicious and more valuable than either Barbara or her guardian was able to appreciate.

History, Geography, Easy Introductions to French, and even to the Italian language, were there, besides a few well-written tales and poems.

The child's eyes glittered like changing diamonds as she turned over her treasures, and the bright color on her pale cheeks, and the intense expression of interest and delight on her expressive though irregular features, made her absolutely beautiful for the moment.

"How kind how very kind!" she said at last, with a deep sigh of delight. "Who has sent them, dear madam? Only tell who can have so kindly thought of the poor, 'ugly' orphan."

"My dear child, you are not ugly," said Mrs. Fenton.

"Don't run away with such a fancy; if you are not pretty like Lily and Claudy, it is only that you may learn to be more good, and kind, and diligent, to make up for the slight disadvantage.

"But it is rather uncertain from whom that parcel came, whether it was Lady Joddrell, or Mrs. Cowan herself, for that lady's footman brought it in from the carriage while his mistress was with me, and I did not see it till she was gone.

"But, in any case, you are very much obliged my child, and must try and learn as much as you can from these beautiful books."

There was little doubt of that, to judge from the eager, almost craving look, with which the girl gazed at her treasure, and turned over volume after volume, to master at least the titles.

"Obliged!" she repeated. "Oh, Mrs. Fenton, I could kneel to the friend who sent me these books. They seem as if they came to comfort me for the loss of Lily. I must read when I miss her most, now I have these books to amuse me."

"My child," said the the pious woman, with gentle but impressive earnestness, "remember this lesson through life—than which these books can teach you no better one—God never sends a trial but He takes away.

"Trust him, my child, however hard and dark your path may be. All of us have sorrows; and yours, if they begin early, may not last long."

Mrs. Fenton then kissed the glowing cheek, and left the child to the undisturbed contemplation of her treasures. The very arrangement, and sorting, and placing of the volumes was a diversion to her mind, and the passionate grief she had lately indulged, if not forgotten, was at least softened and soothed by the unwonted thoughtfulness and kindness of her unknown friend. It showed that some one cared for, even guessed and studied the tastes of the plain, unattractive orphan, and there was a balm in that very thought, after her recent bitter mortifications.

Little, however, did she dream of the real benefactor who had sent that welcome gift. It was not the shrewd, observant Mrs. Cowan, still less the vain and thoughtless Violet Joddrell, who had devised and executed that kindly, judicious scheme for consoling and benefiting the desolate orphan. It was one to whom his nearest intimates would never have dreamed of ascribing such a gratuitous interest or remembrance of a plain, obscure orphan. It was no other than Sidney Ashley.

A blessed gift did those books prove to the lone, desolate child, though she knew not as yet who was her benefactor; and many a time, for weeks and months after, did she speculate in her childish, grateful heart, who could have been so thoughtful and kind to the "ugly, unattractive orphan." It was strange that even that inexperienced child did not believe in the power or will of either of the ladies who had brought her such woe, to have softened the sorrow they had inflicted, by the gift.

And many a time, as she sat in the lonely dormitory, or crouched in the sunshine, with one of her precious books in her hand, she ran over the small list that she could recall of her mother's old friends, who might have remembered her in her dependent home.

But then came the innocent wonder why it should have been done secretly, and why at all, after the time that had elapsed, and still the pleasant mystery served to occupy and divert the child's thoughts almost as much as the books amused her lonely leisure.

And "lonely" she was now, for the little Claudy, her sole remaining playfellow and friend, the chief link that connected her with the lost Lily and the comparatively happy past, was taken from her.

A week after the arrival of that precious parcel, and the visit of Mrs. Cowan, the lovely little brunette had been fetched by a plain-looking middle-aged woman, in a hired fly, and conveyed away in so unpretending and quiet a manner, that the children in general scarcely noticed the event, nor troubled their little heads about the departure of a companion whose peculiar gifts and qualities had been, unlike Lily's, rather of a character to excite jealousy and dislike than love.

But it was not so with Barbara. Her grief had been as acute as if Claudy were as loving and amiable as her darling sister, with whom her idea was indissolubly connected; and though the child herself was too engrossed with the idea of change, and of some vague and indistinct splendid prospects to which it might lead, to bestow much notice or sympathy on her little friend's grief, still Barbara watched the humble vehicle drive off with a desolate sinking feeling of utter loneliness and hopeless neglect, which was quite as painful as the misery of Lily's departure.

It was not a half holiday, but the kindly matron excused her little favorite from attendance on the afternoon's duties, and bade her take her book, and spend the vacant hours as she liked best.

"I know it is a sore trouble for you, my dear," she said; "but wait patiently for better times, and do your duty, and don't fear but your turn may come yet."

Barbara thankfully accepted the indulgence, and wandered away with one of her treasures to a favorite spot in the immediate neighborhood, a woody little hollow, thickly planted with chestnut trees, and ash, and larches, and with soft mosses and broom and furze beneath as a carpet, and a shelter from the cold wind.

She sat down, and opened the book she had brought; but it soon dropped on her knee; and the thoughts of the lone child wandered back to still remembered happy days of a petted, joyous infancy, a loved mother, a kind, noble-looking father, a refined, if modest home; and by a not unnatural association of ideas, there came back to the child's mind the lovely ballads she had so often heard her mother sing when she and Lily were playing on the carpet at her feet, or, unusually fretful and wakeful from some childish ailment, were soothed by the sweet, rich tones, and soft melodies.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Happy Move.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

"VIVA, dear, it's getting near the first of May!"

And gentle Mrs. Rayner laid down the coat that was perpetually becoming elbowless, and looked across the lamp-lit table with anxious eyes.

"Yes, mamma, I know," a trifle wearily.

Viva, a slender, pretty girl, with dark brown hair gathered loosely behind shell-pink ears, and lips red as a rose, met her mother's gaze with eyes bright with wistful thoughtfulness.

"And we must move, of course," cried a shrill young voice from the sofa, where sat Jessie, a volatile, overgrown schoolgirl, "because the front gate's off its hinges, and the roof leaks, and——"

"Yes, Jessie, we all know the reasons for moving, but give mamma an opportunity to suggest where."

"There's hardly much choice about that," the pale-faced little woman said sadly.

"Some place where the rent would be moderate; but"—a sudden look of longing shining out of the pain-worn face—

"I would give all the world, dear, to see the country again."

A gleam of quick determination came into Viva's velvety brown eyes.

"And so you shall, mamma!" she said emphatically.

"My darling, how?" said her mother, in mild surprise.

—"Well"— Viva puckered up her low, white brow, and tried to look wise and business-like—

"You see we could get a cottage a little way out of town for half what a city house would cost. Besides, everything is so much cheaper in the country, and we could return to the city the coming winter. There!"

"But your pupils, Viva?"

"I could manage to give all the lessons in three days of the week, taking the train up, you know, is almost as cheap, and do work for Crumley the intervening days. Now, mamma!" triumphantly.

"It looks plausible at first sight, my pet, but I'm almost afraid to hope. Dear, dear! how the boy does wear out his clothes," she said.

Viva came over and clasped two maroon-clad arms around the invalid figure before her.

"Hope as much as you like, mamma darling," she cried daily; "for we'll watch the papers till we see a treasure advertised 'cheap'—in italics, you know—and then ——"

The rest was too glorious to describe.

Three days later Viva danced in, out of an April shower, with rose-red cheeks and starry eyes.

"Here it is, mamma," she cried, enigmatically, with a hearty kiss and a hugh that almost demolished the small figure in the arm-chair.

"Now listen."

And from the open paper of that morning she read aloud—

TO BE LET—In suburban village, twenty minutes ride from the city, an eight-room cottage, with garden attached. *Cheap*, to good tenant. Apply to Clifford Chandos, Room 12, Blank St., City.

"I'm sure this will suit—'cheap' in italics, as I said, mamma. You will have your happy countryfied summer after all," with an exultant little laugh.

"Now, for awhile, good-bye."

"Where are you going, dear?"

"To see about this, mamma. Lessons are over——"

"Yes, but I do not quite like your going alone, Viva."

"What! An old-maid music-teacher like me? I almost have the dignity of age, in this voluminous waterproof and green veil. Green! Just think of it! I might as well have red hair and spectacles. My nervous old darling, I'll be back before you know I'm gone."

And with this decidedly sweeping but scarcely possible assertion, she was out again under the drifting April sky, and going cityward as fast as the omnibus could take her.

In the thickest, busiest portion of the city, up two flights of dingy stairs went Viva.

A timid knock at room 12.

"Come in!"

She turned the handle, and with the green veil well down, went in.

Two or three gentlemen, writing at baize-covered desks, looked up carelessly as she entered, and went on with their work.

A gentleman enveloped in clouds of cigar smoke, with feet considerably elevated above the level of his head, glanced towards the door, as the graceful figure in the threadbare waterproof came timidly in the room.

Down came the feet, out went the cigar, and Clifford Chandos, pushing a chair forward, bowed gravely, questioningly, to the lady before him.

"I—I called to inquire about a cottage advertised."

"The cottage? Oh yes, to be sure. Will you please be seated, and I will give you the particulars?"

And Viva, taking the proffered seat, listened while the tall grave man, with straight black brows, and keen kindly eyes explained the terms with pleasant courtesy.

And when she lifted the obnoxious green veil a moment, to conclude some necessary arrangement, Clifford Chandos started ever so slightly as he saw the pretty girlish face before him, as serene and dignified in its grave business-like composure, as though its owner were eight and fifty, instead of eight and ten.

"When will we look at the place, Miss ——"

"Rayner," supplemented Viva.

"Miss Rayner. Shall we say to-morrow at one?"

"At two, if it is convenient."

"Certainly; two, if preferable."

Then he held the door open as courteously as though she were sealskin and diamonds, while, with a quiet grace, she bowed slightly, and passed from the room.

And Clifford Chandos went back to his chair, a softer light in his keen grey eyes, and actually, for once in his life, forgot to relight his cigar.

* * * * * *

The day came at last when, from the stuffy city house, the Rayners moved to the pretty roomy cottage, where honey-suckle and wild roses struggled at their own sweet will over roof and porch.

And Viva, coming home from the dusky city three evenings in the week, pale and tired, brightened and laughed her own low happy laugh at the sight of her mother's face—growing young again—at the window, at the sound of Dick and Jessie's boisterous laughter.

It was curious all the repairing that cottage needed after they moved in.

It was more curious that their quiet handsome landlord should insist on supervising it all himself.

He grew into their simple lives in those days.

Mrs. Rayner came to think the cheery voices better than any medicine, the children to shout lustily at sight of him, and Viva to listen for the sound of his firm footstep on the garden path.

One evening, the soft May wind was swaying the "lady fingers," as the children call them, over the door.

Viva snatched up her hat and strolled down to the pretty rustic gate.

Just a little more tired than usual, after a desperate struggle to teach an irritably obtuse pupil the mysteries of crochets, and quavers, and demi-semiquavers.

She stood there, a fair, girlish figure, in her soft white dress, a great bunch of blue meadow-violets at her slender throat and waist.

The scented wind gently loosened the dark-brown hair, and blew a fitful drift of rose-bloom into the pure pale face.

Very pretty?

Well, Clifford Chandos thought so at all events, as he came along the uneven country road with his light firm footfall.

"Good evening, Miss Rayner!"

She turned suddenly, the faint flush deepening to carnation.

"Good evening, Mr. Chandos!"

I think a person can give one a very tolerable shake hands without holding one's fingers quite a minute.

But apparently Mr. Chandos thought differently.

"Miss Rayner, will you come for a walk—just a little way down the road?

"There is a place there I would like you to see."

He asked pleadingly, hungrily, as though fearful of a refusal.

"Is it far?"

"No," eagerly; "quite near. Besides Miss Viva, I have something to tell you, or rather, ask you."

They were already strolling slowly on.

She paused, and looked up in vague alarm.

"To ask me, Mr. Chandos?"

"Yes. Viva, I want to ask you to leave Rose Cottage."

Was he mad?

"To leave Rose Cottage," she repeated blankly.

She stopped short, and looked up at him with brown bewildered eyes.

"Are you not satisfied with us as tenants? What will mamma say?"

"I did not ask your mother to leave Rose Cottage"—and his voice was trembling and low—"I asked you."

"Me? Why, Mr. Chandos——"

She broke off abruptly as she saw the look in the eyes of the man regarding her.

Such a look as would make more successful wooers in the world to-day—a look of passionate love and resolute determination to have her in spite of herself.

"Viva, my darling—my darling," he cried, all the mischief in his voice swept away in his fiery earnestness, "won't you understand?

"I love you very dearly, Viva, and I want you for my wife."

"Yes, I understand," she said simply.

"I am not a very rich man, dear, but I would give my life to make you happy."

She looked up at him with bright outshining eyes, and though her cheeks flamed hotly, she said, in her gentle straight-forward girlish way—

"I would be honored to be your wife were you penniless, Mr. Chandos."

"Mr. Chandos," sternly. "Little wife, say 'Clifford.'"

And, her hand in his, she said it, simply: "Clifford!"

In a short time they paused before a massive entrance-gate and pretty Gothic lodge.

"This is the great place of the neighborhood, Viva. Shall we go up and have a look at it?"

They paused at the great stone steps of an ideal country-seat, stretching, verandahed, porticoed, with huge stone lions on guard at the door.

"Come in, dear!" holding out his hand, with a curious smile.

"But the owner?"

"I go with his permission."

Then passing the servant at the door, he led her through rooms where the mighty touch of Midas was softened and made perfect by the mightier touch of taste.

Through a conservatory where birds and flowers were drowsily falling asleep, and marble statues gleamed palely forth from tropical dusky nooks.

"It's a handsome place, dear, isn't it?" he asked, when once again they stood beneath the darkening sky.

"Handsome? Oh Clifford!" with an ecstatic long-drawn breath.

"I hardly know how much rent I ought to charge you, little woman," he cried quizzically, drawing her closer to him; "but I'll be moderate. Suppose we say—one thousand kisses per annum."

"Yours!" she gasped. "You said you were not rich."

"Well, I am not Rothschild, love, but," with a sudden change of tone, "richer than all the world, sweetheart, in you."

So, after all, Viva graces a home worthy of her.

And Jessie sententiously remarks—

"'Twas well we moved."

And Viva nods and smiles, as she slips her little sparkling hand into her husband's loving clasp.

NAMES OF TWINS.—Twin or triple births supply opportunities for the selection of unusual names. Some of these are pretty. Twin girls were lately registered Pearl and Ruby, and others Lily and Rose. In 1878, a laborer presented with three daughters at a birth, called them Faith, Hope, and Charity; and a farm laborer recently gave the names Faith and Hope to twin sons. But sometimes dual births render parents positively cruel in their choice of appellation. We have known the names Huzand Buz applied to twin boys. This was sheer inhumanity. Peter the Great Wright and William the Conquerer Wright figure in registration as twins. Another fancy created by two-fold births is that of furnishing the children with identical names transposed. Twin sons of a gardener were a few months since endowed respectively with the names James Reginald and Reginald James; and we noticed not many years the decease of Horace Horatio, whose brother Horatio Horace attested the death entry. These brothers we infer to have been twins also. A historian of parish registers remarks that about the sixteenth century it was not unusual for parents to give the same name to two or more of their children, with the view perhaps, of increasing the likelihood of its perpetuation in their families. The inconvenient practice does not, we believe, now survive except in the modified shape, but it is not unknown among the lower classes for parents to give their children names earlier ones deceased have borne. Some babies have been named Enough, in indication, as it would seem, of numerous predecessors, and on the other hand is found Welcome, which appears to denote satisfaction at a novel kind of blessing. Una, Unit, and Unity point, it may be supposed, to first arrivals; Three and Number Seven express different degrees of advance in family multitude: Last and Omega suggest a resolute protest against further increase, while Also hints at the grudging acceptance of an unwelcome addition, and seems to need after it a note of (melancholy) exclamation. Posthumous is an unmistakable nominal memorandum of a painful fact. Places occasionally give their names to children, as in the cases of Matilda Australasion Yarra Yarra Holden, Odessa Silly, &c. It may be supposed that in these instances there is usually some family connection with the locality at the time of birth. In such appellations as Tempest Booth, Hustings Moore, Farewell Hampshire, &c., we seem to trace references to special feidents, and may infer, again, that the occurrences so celebrated are circumstantially linked to the arrivals of the infants whom they name; while the titles Admonition, Deliverance, Repentance, and others, have probably sometimes been employed, in the same way, in allusion to various conditions under which the birth of the children so named have taken place.

IT was thought the acme of consolation had been reached when the bereaved husband became engaged to a widow on the way home from his wife's funeral; but this has been out-done by a city woman who actually got up a serious flirtation with the man who came to inform her of her husband's death in another State, and married him the next day!

Bric-a-Brac.

PUNISHED BY DEATH.—At the beginning of the present century the English laws made one hundred and sixty crimes punishable by death.

SELTZER WATER.—This is a corruption of Selters Water, so-called from the Lower Selters, a village in Prussia, whence the genuine sparkling mineral water is obtained.

CHAMOIS SKINS.—Chamois skins are not derived from the chamois, as many people suppose, but are the flesh side of sheep-skins. The skins are soaked in lime-water, and in a solution of sulphuric acid; fish-oil is poured over them, and they are carefully washed in a solution of potash.

SHROVE TUESDAY.—Shrove Tuesday, associated with pancakes, owes its name to our Saxon ancestors, with whom it was a shrive or confession day; for previous to the Reformation the people in every parish were called to church by the ringing of bells on that day, and there they made confession to the priest.

CURIOUS FACTS.—The vehicle called a *fiacre* (hackney coach) was so named after the sign of St. Fiacre, at the house where they were first established. When Bonaparte destroyed the Venetian republic, her government was the most ancient in the world—about eleven centuries. Louis the Fifteenth, being once angry, pulled the bell-rope with so much vehemence, that ten domestics answered it at once. When watches were first carried they were very bulky, and were worn suspended round the neck on the breast. The dinner-hour in Paris, during the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, was eight o'clock in the morning.

PHILOPŒNA.—This word is derived from the Greek language, and signifies "friendship's forfeit." The game is thus played:—A lady and gentleman, either having an almond or peanut with two kernels, gives one kernel to the party played with, when both kernels are severally eaten by the parties. Whichever of these two persons at their next meeting salutes the other with "good evening (or morning, as the time may be) Philopœna," wins a forfeit from the other. There are other ways however of arranging the forfeit. The kind of forfeit is at the discretion, and of course will be in accordance with the taste of the loser.

MAHOMMED.—The religion which he left behind him taught the unity of God as the creator and preserver of the universe, the resurrection of the dead, and a life hereafter in which the good would be rewarded and the bad punished. To the ceremonials of faith belong frequent ablutions, the offering of five prayers daily, fasting, and pilgrimages to Mecca. The giving of alms was commended, polygamy within certain limits was allowed, and wine and pork were prohibited. A very practical precept of the Koran was the duty of diffusing the true doctrine by fire and sword, if necessary, and all who died in the pious cause were promised a paradise full of sensual delights.

LADY DAY.—The twenty-fifth of March is Lady Day—a festival of great antiquity, kept in honor of the Virgin Mary. Numerous proverbs are current for the day. If there be hoar frost in the morning it will do harm to the day of prosperity; on St. Mary in spring the swallows come in; every plant sown on that day will grow and flower: we put out our candles and light up all our lives. Flowers are dedicated to the virgin—the marigold, the rosemary, the lady's looking-glass, the lady's bower, the daffodil, and the violet, among the rest. The marigold that "goes to bed with the sun, and with him rises weeping;" the violet "stealing and giving odors."

CROSS READING.—Sometimes things get mixed and nicely too, if not quite as neatly as was done by the printer of a Canadian newspaper who tagged part of a receipt for tomato catsup on the opening paragraph of an article on Catholicism in Africa, with the following result: "The Roman Catholics claim to be making material advances in African, especially in Algeria, where they have a hundred an eighty-five thousand adherents and a missionary society for Central Africa. They are accustomed to begin their work by buying heathen children and educating them. The easiest and best way to prepare them is to first wipe them with a clean towel; then place them in dripping-pans and bake them until they are tender. Then you will have no difficulty in rubbing them through a sieve, and will save them by being obliged to cut them in slices and cook for several hours."

GENIUS AND MADNESS.—Many geniuses die insane. In illustration of this we may mention the names of the poets Cowper, Collins, Tasso, and Nathaniel Lee. It is also said, that Newton the author of "Principia" was mentally afflicted when he wrote his Comment on the Revelations. Lucretius was supposed to be insane when he composed the splendid work "De Rerum Natura," or The Things of Nature more particularly those passages relating to death and the state of the soul, in his third book. Des Cartes, a famous mathematician, died of an affection of the brain. Lord Byron frequently labored under excessive exaltation of sentiment. The mind of our Burns was frequently influenced by delusions of the imagination. Sophocles was accused of madness before the tribunal, and only acquitted of insanity by reciting one of his plays. Pascal the mathematician, was hypochondriacal. Sir Walter Scott, suffered through the same cause. Swift and Rousseau were insane. Luis de Camoens the Portuguese poet died whilst under the influence of this disease, at Lisbon; and the immortal author of Don Quixote, died mad in a hospital at Madrid.

COMPENSATION.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

The phantoms fair that lure us on
  Elude so long our eager grasp,
That we, so tired when they are reached,
  Wake not to joy within their clasp.

Like one returned from distant lands,
  After dim years have run their rounds,
Their weary round unaped by bliss
  That long was sought, but never found.

He seeks the grove, the stream, the cot,
  And every spot to memory dear
In eager-wise, with longing eyes—
  The thing he looks for is not here.

It is the spirit of his youth
  That threw its essence o'er the place;
But life has been a conflict grave,
  And it was lost within the race.

Yet, though we obtain the wine of life,
  And find its flavor half is lost,
The ardor of the stirring strife
  Repays, perhaps, the struggles cost.

MOTHER AND SON.

BY KATE L. GALLAGHER.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. WENTWORTH hated Americans. She fled from them with the same precipitancy that one does from small-pox or one's creditors; yet despite this unnatural antipathy towards her American cousins, her fate was destined to be interwoven, woof and warp, with that of the hated race.

Mrs. Wentworth was a widow, on whose fair face time had left but few traces.

Her children numbered two—Edward, at this time thirty years of age, and Lionel, ten years his junior.

Mrs. Wentworth remained a widow exclusively for their benefit, at least such was the excuse she was wont to give for not having duplicated the much esteemed Mr. Wentworth.

Once every year "The Hall" was consigned to the tender mercies of the housekeeper and under-servants, while the mistress, accompanied by her elder son, made a pilgrimage to London during the fashionable season.

There, notwithstanding her reserve, she was constantly thrown among the ubiquitous Americans infesting that city.

True, she was compelled to admit that they were not as *outre* as her morbid fancy had painted, and some of the men of letters whom she met she even condescended to admire; but there is a point where patience ceases to be a virtue.

Mrs. Wentworth deemed that point reached, when Edward informed her one day, shortly before their return home, that he had proposed and been accepted by a brilliant New Yorker, Myra Holme by name, whose wealth and beauty had made her the reigning belle that season.

Mrs. Wentworth coaxed, stormed, threatened, without avail.

For once in his life he was obdurate and not to be moved; then, after many tears and expostulations, his mother yielded—as she always did when the worst came to the worst—gracefully.

As her son was his own master and in possession of his inheritence, and she reigned mistress of "The Hall" only through courtesy, some of her gossippy neighbors were ill-bred enough to impute sinister motives to her surrender.

Be that as it may, Edward's wife was received with proper *eclat*, and Mrs. Wentworth remained at "The Hall."

Edward's wife was the entering wedge, and Mrs. Wentworth never experienced after the marriage that complete sense of security and seclusion she felt before, but she succumbed to the inevitable, though she suffered some nervous trepidation, and constantly expected the arrival of some specimen of the human species with a decided nasal twang, who worked for a living, asked innumerable questions, and went about like that personage from which every Sunday she devoutly prayed to be delivered, seeking whom he might devour.

As years passed, and the conventional Yankee, which she had evoked from the London stage, failed to appear, her fears gradually subsided.

Sometimes, as her gaze rested fondly on the broad acres of her son's domain, she sighed to think that one day the lord of this realm would be the sturdy youngster whom even now she hears scampering over the grass, whistling snatches of Yankee Doodle and the Star Spangled Banner.

"And the Star Spangled Banner, O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.",

cried the boy, his whistling turning into song.

"Edward"—going to the window and looking out—"cease that singing, I beg of you."

"Yes, grandma," looking up and smiling brightly. "Don't you like it?"

"Where are you going, I see you are equipped for a walk?"

"With mamma to see Hayward, and he's going to let me try the new pony, and oh—

"'Yankee Doodle came to town.'"

"Edward!"

The song died suddenly.

"Oh, grandma, I forgot; it slipped out itself."

"In the future, Edward, please to be more careful."

"Yes, ma'am," very meekly.

Mrs. Wentworth came from the window and resumed her book, but put it down discontentedly.

"Myra has no idea of the eternal fitness of things, that's evident. Something must be done to prevent her compromising her position by making such a friend of Laura Hayward."

At this point Mrs. Wentworth knit her brows thoughtfully.

"I'll speak to Edward about it this evening, if I have an opportunity. I'm glad Lionel is safe at school; there is no telling to what lengths he might have gone. I verily believe he would marry the girl if I didn't object."

She had cause to congratulate herself on the absence of her younger son.

He and Laura Hayward had been playmates from childhood.

The present Mr. Hayward's father had been Mr. Wentworth's steward from young manhood; his son had succeeded him.

Laura, his daughter, had received many advantages, had been made much of at "The Hall," until her dawning beauty suddenly startled Mrs. Wentworth, and Lionel was hustled off to school.

Since that time, two years, Lionel had not been home, his vacations being passed in travel or visiting, the result of his mother's manœuvres.

But his twenty-first birthday being near she was compelled, with much inward fear, to allow him to come home to celebrate it.

It was this fact that worried her no little, and perhaps influenced her to condemn Myra for persisting in making a friend of Laura Hayward.

The next morning Lionel arrived, and received a hearty welcome.

Myra was a great favorite of the young man.

Her independent ways and breezy talk interested him; perhaps her fondness for Laura influenced him, or, at any rate, there was so much to see, so much to talk over with Myra and his mother, that evening came before he had time to give Laura more than a passing thought.

About eight o'clock, Mrs. Wentworth came upon him suddenly; he was about leaving the house.

"Are you going to the village?" she said sharply, knowing, as she spoke, that such was not his intention. "Wilson can go down, and get you the hooks you were wanting."

"I sent him for them an hour ago. I'm going to Hayward's to see if he will go fishing with me in the morning," Lionel answered, the faintest possible flush betraying itself on his face, and he twirled his hat nervously.

"That is always the way, Lionel," she answered peevishly, "and the first evening at home, too. I think I deserve more consideration."

At this point Mrs. Wentworth betrayed signs of a coming deluge, and on Lionel's mind there dawned the pertinent inquiry "why he had been exiled for two years," but he wisely forebore making it public.

"Now, mother, don't. Please don't take on that way. Of course, if you object I will stay at home and send Wilson over," cried Lionel, who, man like, had a horror amounting to fanaticism of anything like complaining.

"It's so amusing here just now—Edward away, Myra upstairs conning 'Mother Goose' and hearing prayers, and——"

"Your mother scolding," supplemented Mrs. Wentworth. "I agree with you, it is vexatious."

"I did not say so," Lionel replied gallantly, taking an unoccupied seat by her side, though he longed to be elsewhere.

While Lionel dutifully entertained his mother, Laura Hayward waited his coming.

When the tall old clock in the hall struck eight o'clock she passed out to the door, and stood gazing wistfully down the road in the direction of "The Hall."

She could see one of its towers rising above the tree-tops, and some of the lights twinkling in the upper chambers.

Her father came up the path and looked at her sharply as he passed, sighed, and shook his head.

The girl felt herself blushing, and hastily went indoors and up to her room.

Once there, and the door bolted, she knelt by the window and let the soft breeze cool her flushed cheeks.

She was grievously disappointed, though she said to herself again and again that she knew he could not come the first night of his vacation.

The tower grew indistinct, and the lights grew into long bars.

She was watching them through her tears, and presently her head went down on the window-ledge, and sobs shook her lithe body.

She was so young, and he was her first, her only lover.

Lionel came the next morning, and in his presence the weary vigil of the previous night was well nigh forgotten; but the freedom of their former intercourse was never resumed.

There had begun to dawn upon her the difference of their stations in life.

She could not understand it as yet, it was all so strange and dark and chaotic; but one thing was clearly defined, a great gulf was between them.

Could it be bridged?

Mrs. Wentworth thought not.

The summer passed rapidly.

It was not a happy one to Mrs. Wentworth.

Her policy filled "The Hall" with visitors, to whom Lionel was supposed to be gracious.

He did nobly, but chafed inwardly at having to fritter away so much time.

It was with a sigh of relief that she saw him depart for his last year.

In a year great things might be accomplished.

Mrs. Wentworth meditated a complete revolution inside of that time.

Before her son went she sent for him to come to her private room.

He came in smiling and radiant, with a huge bunch of roses that he deposited in her lap.

"I have a few words that I wish to say to you privately, Lionel. Close the door."

"I have a sad temper, mother," speaking cheerfully, "but I'll endeavor to keep calm."

"Have you seen Laura lately?" said his mother, coming to the point directly.

"I have," shortly, his face clouding a little.

"When?" asked Mrs. Wentworth, with the brevity of a lawyer examining a witness.

"Last night," said Lionel, bearing the question bravely.

"I am very sorry, Lionel. But I'm not going to scold you," she added quickly, seeing signs of rebellion in her son's face. "I can't really blame you. I do not wonder in the least that you admire her."

"Admire her. Oh, mother," cried Lionel eagerly. "I love her! Do you not understand me? I love her dearly, passionately——"

"There, there," Mrs. Wentworth smiled softly. Of course you do, which amounts to the same thing. And she—does she return this ardent affection?"

Lionel looked at his mother a second, his face darkening.

He was in no mood to bear quizzing.

She returned his gaze with seeming frankness; so he answered.

"I believe Laura is deeply attached to me, but for some reason which perhaps you can explain, she refuses to allow me to consider ourselves bound."

"A very sensible girl," said Mrs. Wentworth decidedly. "She shows proper spirit. It would be the height of folly, while you are both so young, your education not yet completed, and the plans for your future life yet undecided. I must say, I had no idea she had so much consideration."

"If that is what you call consideration," exclaimed Lionel testily, "the less I have of it the more I am to be congratulated. In another year I will be ready to settle, then Laura and I will marry. You will not refuse your consent, mother," kneeling at her feet.

Mrs. Wentworth shook her head.

"It is hard to refuse you anything, Lionel. I will think it over. In the meantime, I want you to promise me one thing."

"And what is that?" said Lionel, rising from his knees, and standing before her.

His mother spoke deliberately, and with emphasis.

"Not to have any communication of any kind with Laura during the year. At the end of that time, if you both persist in loving each other as fondly as you seem to do now, I——"

"Ah, you will consent then?" cried Lionel gaily.

"I will consider the matter," said Mrs. Wentworth.

Lionel's face clouded.

"I will promise to do as you wish," he said slowly. "In fact, no other course is open to me, for Laura absolutely refuses to write; but I consider myself bound to my promise only for that time. After that, though it would be hard for me to do anything contrary to your wishes, yet I must consider the happiness of Laura and myself; and as long as she is true, nothing on earth shall separate us. I hear Wilson calling. Good-bye, mother. Forgive me if I seem harsh; but remember she is the dearest object to me on earth, and if anything should happen to her it would kill me. Take good care of her. She is my future wife. Good-bye."

"Your future wife!" cried Mrs. Wentworth fiercely, as he bounded down the stairs. "Your future wife; not if there is power enough or cunning enough in this world to prevent it!"

If the summer proved unpleasant to Lionel and his mother it was even more so to Laura.

Even Myra was compelled to shorten her visits in order to entertain the many visitors.

Day after day Laura heard and saw the gay party sweep by on excursions to points of interest in the neighborhood.

At such times Lionel always glanced anxiously towards the house, but never saw the face for which he watched.

Having determined her duty, she was pitiless in performing it, and nothing could induce her to give the young man a hearing without his mother's approval; so they seldom met.

One day, as she and her father were returning from the village, their horses having galloped most of the way, they allowed them to settle into a brisk walk.

In turning a bend in the road they met the party from "The Hall" returning from some expedition.

Lionel raised his hat, and smiled brightly, at the same time darting her a reproachful glance; and his companion favored her with a particularly long and impudent stare, and, turning to Lionel, exclaimed:

"Egad, that's a pretty girl, Lionel; who is she?"

"A friend of mine," answered Lionel shortly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," his companion returned, feeling intuitively that he had transgressed.

Hayward's face darkened at hearing the young man's whispered remarks, and urging his horse he galloped off, followed by his daughter, her face burning, but a warm glow in her heart from her lover's smile, like sunshine in a shady place.

He was to leave home the next day, and the memory of that smile would linger till he came again; for with the hopefulness of youth she always expected a happy denouement.

That same evening Lionel came over.

Hayward was out, and old Nancy kindly excused herself, much to Lionel's satisfaction.

But all his pleadings could not move Laura.

"You will thank me for it one day," she returned sadly, "when I am forgotten!"

"That you will never be. You think because I am young and untried that I will forget. But I will not, Laura. Do you hear me? I will not!"

"It would be better were we both to forget," turning away her face that he might not see how weak she was.

"Hush! Don't say that. If it were not for your love, life would be unendurable. If you should cease to love me——"

"Ah, I cannot if I would," turning toward the door. "It is late, Lionel, and we must part."

"So eager to leave me, and I shall not see you for a year, perhaps; but it will soon pass," speaking cheerfully and encouragingly.

"And yet something seems to whisper that it may be many years before we meet again. Oh! Lionel, Lionel! you will not forget!" she cried passionately, forgetting everything but that he was leaving her, and laying both hands on his shoulders, she searched his face with eager questioning eyes.

For answer, he drew a ring from his finger, and, taking her hand in his, began slipping it on, but she drew her hand away.

"Not that ring, Lionel. Don't you see it is an opal!"

He laughed lightly, but she remained obdurate.

"Then which one shall it be?"

"The plain one, and I will exchange with you."

He drew off the ring indicated, and put it on her finger.

"And wherever I am, under whatever circumstances I am placed, you will come for me if my father relents?" she said solemnly, as the ring slipped to its place.

"I swear!"—her lover replied earnestly, bending down and kissing the ring—"to be true to you; to find you wherever you may be. And now, Laura," taking both her hands, and looking at her fondly, "good-bye. God bless you, my darling."

With a quick movement he gathered her to his breast a second, and kissed her again and again.

"Good-bye, good-bye, dear. Forgive me, Laura."

And then freeing her suddenly, he walked rapidly down the walk.

Sinking on the steps, white and frightened, she watched him as far as she could see.

Once he turned and looked back.

He must have seen her, for he stopped and waved an adieu, and then a bend in the road hid him from her view.

A few moments later, a heavy step sounded on the walk, and Hayward stepped up on the porch.

A limp white heap on the doorstep attracted his attention.

It was his daughter.

Picking her up in her arms as if she were a baby, he carried her into the house and called Nancy.

"Who's been here while I was out?" he inquired savagely.

"Lionel Wentworth," the nurse answered briefly.

"I thought as much. Poor child, poor child," he said, chafing her hands tenderly. "You have taken up your burden of life early."

Many years passed before Laura Hayward looked again upon the face of her lover, and in the midst of the stirring events of her new life, and in the silent night when she lay awake listening to the wind as it moaned around the corners of the house she recalled vividly the scene of their parting—the low, vine-covered porch, the painfully straight walk that led to the gate, the hedge-bordered road beyond, and the solitary figure that waved her a last farewell before he disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

THE week following Lionel's departure was rainy and disagreeable.

Each morning Edward Wentworth turned from the window disconsolately, and remarked with the air of one who propounded some startling theory, that it was another "beastly day!" and Myra, tho' somewhat dubious regarding the meaning of the term, smiled affirmatively, and maintained a discreet silence.

Those days were not spent idly by Edward's mother, but were passed in ruminations deep and long, in consequence of which, at the end of the week, when the clouds parted, and the sun made his welcome appearance, her plans were matured.

Sometimes she was surprised in the midst of her lucubrations, by Myra.

At such times she assumed an appearance of gaiety which did not in the least deceive her astute daughter-in-law.

In fact, Myra gave little heed to the lady's evident pre-occupation, until the matter was forced upon her attention.

Coming from the nursery, one evening, after having seen her child asleep for the night, she opened the library door suddenly, to find her husband and mother in seeming deep consultation.

"I tell you there is no other way out of it," Mrs. Wentworth was saying excitedly, as the door opened, and Myra appeared.

"What dire plot are you two concocting?" Myra cried, coming forward to her hus-

band's side. "You look for all the world like two conspirators. How good the fire feels," spreading her hands over the coals. "I'm glad I had Banks start it; aren't you, Edward? Conspiracies give me the chills."

Mrs. Wentworth laughed uneasily.

She rather deprecated Myra's candor.

Edward put his arms around her, and drew her to his side.

He was very fond of his American wife, and though some one has said that an Englishman rates his possessions according to their value in his estimation, something in this wise: My horse, my dog, my wife, in justice to Edward, it is but fair to add, that he changed the order, and substituted my wife, my horse, my dog.

"I only conspire to make you happy, Myra," he said, smiling down upon her. "Does not that satisfy you?"

"Everything you do satisfies me," his wife answered, softly, stealing one arm around his neck, and giving him a tight little squeeze that threatened to strangle him: and what surprised and disgusted his mother, Edward actually seemed to enjoy such injudicious caresses.

The next morning was clear and cool.

Immediately after breakfast, Edward had his horse brought to the door, and started for the village.

"You will pass Hayward's, will you not?" his mother said, coming out on the verandah, just as he was in the act of mounting.

"Y—yes," he answered, hesitatingly.

"Then you had better stop and tell him to come over. Delays are dangerous, and I may as well speak to him at once."

"Is there no other plan you can devise?" said Edward, impatiently, switching his boot with his riding-whip. "Hang it! I don't half like it. It seems rather rough on the poor fellow."

"Don't be foolish," his mother said, coming closer. "It's as much to your interest that the girl's disposed of, as mine. If you know of any better plan, well and good. I have nothing more to say."

Saying this she turned as if to enter the house.

"You know I have no plans whatever, and I wash my hands of the whole business," cried Edward, stoutly, vaulting into the saddle. "If I had my way, he might marry the girl to-morrow."

"Much you think of the family honor," said Mrs. Wentworth, turning away in disgust. "But what can I expect when——"

"That will do, mother. The less you say on that subject, the better. Do as you wish about Hayward, but make it as easy for him as possible. Good-bye. Tell Myra not to wait dinner for me; I promised Sir Humphrys to go home with him."

As Edward rode off his mother entered the house, smiling; she even hummed a gay little tune to herself, as she mounted the broad stairs.

At the top she met Myra on her way down.

"You are merry this morning," the latter said, pausing.

She had seen Edward's mother follow him, and was too proud to go out.

"I have cause to be," was all the reply she received, as Mrs. Wentworth passed and entered her dressing-room.

An hour later Hayward made his appearance, and now, that he had come, she rather demurred about opening the subject, and wished the interview over.

It was one thing to converse with and convince an imaginary person of what was best for him, as she had done the past week, but quite another matter to advance the same argument face to face.

"I have sent for you on rather a delicate subject, Hayward," she began, motioning him to a seat.

"A protracted interview, by Jove!" thought Hayward, occupying the nearest chair.

Mrs. Wentworth traced the figure in the carpet with the toe of her slipper, and mentally called herself a coward.

"It is about Laura," she said, finally, looking up, and coming to the point directly.

It was one of her peculiarities, that in all her tactics she invariably moved in straight lines.

"Oh! nothing unpleasant, I hope."

"Not necessarily so. You know in what estimation I hold your daughter—like one of the family, especially since the death of her mother. Alas!" shaking her head slowly. "It is a sad thing for a young girl to be deprived of a mother's care."

"I don't think she has missed her very much. I've tried to make it up to her, I'm sure," Hayward answered briefly.

"Yes, yes; but no man can fill a mother's place, but——" breaking off suddenly, "Hayward, how would you like to go to America?"

"To America!" springing from his chair. "To America. "Wh—what does all this mean?"

"I imagine my meaning is clear enough, sir."

"I have no reason, no desire to leave England; besides, my wife lies yonder," he answered, glancing through the window towards the village church-yard, where, white and tall, the monuments could be seen, gleaming through the partly denuded trees.

"It would be hard for you, no doubt; but something must be done," said Mrs. Wentworth firmly; who, like the Prince of Orange, was great in emergencies. "Your daughter——"

"Oh!" said Hayward, a sudden light breaking in upon him. "It is my daughter, then, you wish out of the way?"

"How can you speak so, Hayward? As I said before, the girl is a great favorite of mine, and I don't blame her in the least. Lionel should have more sense; but, unfortunately, 'wisdom lingers' when this matter is under consideration. But he will think differently, by-and-by; and she—well, she's young and light-hearted, and will forget it in time."

"I hope so," he answered, absently; thinking of the limp, white heap he had found on the doorstep the week before.

"Then you will go?"

"I would like some time to think it over—to consult my friends."

"Lionel—perhaps?"

The man's eyes blazed ominously; he was proud—as proud in his way as Mrs. Wentworth was in hers.

He leaned his head upon his hand, meditatively, for a few minutes before making a reply.

"You are mistaken if you think I would do that," he answered, with unconscious dignity.

"And to convince you, I'll give my answer now. I'll go, just as soon as I can get ready."

"Ah, you have eased my mind of such a burden," said Mrs. Wentworth, briskly.

"Come over to-morrow, and by that time all my arrangements will be completed. Wilson can take your place. I will place five hundred pounds at my banker's subject to your order."

"Madam, you forget that my year expired yesterday."

"Oh, no; I have not forgotten that, but I am not selfish enough to accept such a sacrifice without rendering you some compensation. You will not refuse it, I'm sure!" she said.

"You are very kind;" rising, and drawing himself up a little haughtily, "but I don't require any help, and will not accept it as a gift. For my child's sake, I'll sacrifice anything. It's for her I go: not for you, son. I wish you good morning."

Saying this, he bowed and left the room, leaving Mrs. Wentworth dimly conscious, that somehow or other, she had been worsted.

"Pshaw!" Rousing herself from the effects of her visitor's last words.

"How foolish I am to be vexed at such a trifle!

"Once they are in America, I can enjoy life again.

"Oh! did you speak Myra? You quite startled me by entering so abruptly.

"Couldn't you be a little more dignified? My nerves are completely unstrung. I wish you would hand me my sal volatile. It's on the table; th—thanks."

"Unstrung nerves seem epidemic this morning," said Myra, handing Mrs. Wentworth her vinaigrette.

"I met Hayward going out, and spoke to him, but he answered never a word; but such a look as he gave me! It haunts me yet; while his face—well it looked as if something terrible had happened. What's up?"

"Myra, do you wish to drive me mad? 'What's up!' I fail to grasp the meaning of such an expression. A great many things may be up, for aught I know."

Mrs. Wentworth sank back in her chair, to all appearances exhausted, and the vinaigrettee rolled to the hearth, and was shivered to atoms.

"Ring the bell, Myra, and have Martha remove those pieces of broken glass!" she said.

Myra did as requested; and quietly walking to the mirror, put in order various locks of wind-blown hair.

This done, she went to the window, and drummed an accompaniment on the pane. A most exasperating habit.

"That's another very annoying habit of yours, Myra. Did you ever have nerves, child?"

"Not as I know of. But I guess I'll take another walk, if you'll excuse me, and you won't tell me about Hayward.

"I promised Laura a book—I'll take it over myself. Can I do anything for you? I'm sorry you feel so badly.

"Perhaps if you went out in the sunshine with me, you would feel better. Shall I get your wraps?"

"No, thank you, Myra; not now. If you will sit down, I'll tell you about Hayward.

"I had no intention of keeping it from you; but you run on so; one has no chance to say much."

Myra flung her hat on the floor, and subsided into a chair, all attention.

"I have just made a proposition to Hayward that he go to America."

Mrs. Wentworth continued.

"It took him by surprise, as you may imagine; and he naturally dreads leaving England, but Laura must be gotten out of the way.

"I really like the girl, too; but to have her one of the family—that alters the case entirely."

"But Edward—what will he say?" exclaimed Myra, in astonishment, at the summary manner of disposing of disagreeable parties.

"I know of no one here capable of filling Hayward's place."

"Nonsence, my dear; sheer nonsence. The fact is, Hayward's been spoiled. Wilson will do just as well after a little experience. As to Edward," a tone of triumph in her voice, "he has left the matter entirely in my hands."

"He has! I'm so glad," said Myra, drawing a sigh of relief.

Mrs. Wentworth did not notice the interruption.

"You cannot imagine, Myra, how much better, I feel already. A mother's responsibility is very great, my dear—very great."

This sentence she repeated with much unction.

"I flatter myself that I have arranged it quite like a diplomat—a coup d' etat, as the French would say; do you not think so, Myra?"

Myra did not reply; but there was a deep flush on her face, as she unclasped from around her neck the arms of her child, who, escaping from his nurse, had run into the room in search of his mother.

"Why don't you say something?" said Mrs. Wentworth, turning around.

"Because you are my husband's mother; I know of no other reason," Myra answered, quietly; and rising, she picked up her hat, took her child by the hand and left the room without another word; but as she passed Mrs. Wentworth's chair, that lady noted a bright spot on either cheek, and a set look about the pretty lips and rounded chin quite new to them.

Myra closed the door quietly, which, by the way, was such a novelty as to add to Mrs. Wentworth's consternation; and, for the second time that day, she experienced an overwhelming sense of defeat—a sensation entirely new to her.

When Hayward left Mrs. Wentworth's presence his mind seemed half paralyzed by the blow she had dealt him.

He walked rapidly across the lawn and entered the park.

Here he still continued his rapid pace, kicking the dead leaves viciously from his path as he sped home.

"How shall I break it to her?" he cried, striking his hands together nervously, as he came in sight of home, and descried his daughter busily at work among the flowers that had been damaged by the storm.

"See," she cried, running down the path when she caught sight of him, "I have been putting some of my flowers into pots for the winter."

"Girl, your work's for naught; you'll not need your flowers this winter," he cried, roughly, stung by the sight of her pretty face.

Why hadn't she been born ugly and coarse? then all this trouble would not have come upon them.

She looked up into his face, and the pots fell from her hands to the ground.

"Father! oh, father!" she cried, grasping his hand; "what has happened to make you look so? How pale you are; you must be sick."

"Yes;" putting his hand to his head, wearily. "I am sick, Laura—heart sick."

And, walking across the grass, he dropped into a seat; his daughter followed, and sat down by his side.

"Now tell me all about it," she said, bravely, though her lips trembled.

"I have felt a presentiment of evil all morning."

He told her all; not sparing her feelings.

Once or twice her face flushed, and once the little hands, folded in her lap, met each other convulsively.

She made no other sign.

"I couldn't stand that, you know," he said in conclusion, "so I said we would go as soon as possible."

Laura burst into tears, and threw her arms around his neck.

"I will not let you do all for me," she cried, sobbing; "send me away, anywhere; but you must stay here."

"What kind of a father do you take me for, child? Now, dry your eyes. Didn't I promise your mother on her death-bed never to forsake you? We will stick to each other; that's some comfort, eh, my girl?" said her father, laying a hand gently on her head.

She smiled through her tears, and said no more, knowing how determined he was, and presently they both got up and went into the house.

A week later, Wilson, in clearing up the premises, came on the empty pots and withered flowers that still lay where they had dropped from Laura's hands.

He picked them up and tossed them over the hedge on a heap of rubbish, to be carried away.

Thus every vestige of the former occupants was removed.

A short time sufficed for Hayward and his daughter to make their preparations.

At Myra's suggestion, everthing was sold to Wilson save a few pieces of furniture that had been in the family for generations.

Wilson, who long had cast his eyes yearningly towards Laura, finding his efforts in that direction useless, hastened to console himself with a neighboring farmer's daughter.

Everything apparently adjusted itself to Mrs. Wentworth's satisfaction.

The days preceding their departure were busy ones to all at the little cottage.

Hayward settling his accounts, while Laura and old Nancy packed the trunks and boxes.

So busy were they that Laura had no time to realize her sorrow.

A dumb sort of agony seemed to weigh her down; and when she stopped her packing long enough, her gaze wandered wistfully over the fields and hedges to the park and Hall where Lionel would come next summer, and she would be—where?

On the last afternoon a carriage came rapidly down the road, and drew up at the little gate.

A lady alighted; it was Mrs. Wentworth.

Old Nancy met her at the door.

She was on her way upstairs with an armful of clothes.

"Good afternoon, Nancy. Is Laura in? It's too bad to disturb her, I know; but I could not pass without stopping to say good-bye."

Nancy went upstairs.

Laura was on her knees before one of the trunks.

"It's 'er!" said Nancy, with an audible sniff.

"Who?" said Laura, turning a tired face towards the old nurse. "Oh, I am so tired, Nancy; I think you'll have to finish this. Who wants me?"

"Mrs. Wentworth."

The girl arose so suddenly that all her carefully arranged laces were strewn on the floor.

"Do you mean to say, Nancy, that Mrs. Wentworth is down stairs waiting to see me?"

"It's 'er or 'er ghost. Will you go down, miss?"

"Certainly. I hope, Nancy, you were not rude to her," said Laura, eyeing her Abigail suspiciously.

"I never forgets my place, Miss Hayward," said Nancy, ambiguously, and turning to the bed, she began to fold the freshly-ironed linen she had fetched up.

Laura said no more, but started downstairs.

As she entered the room, Mrs. Wentworth came forward; her heart softened at sight of the girl's white, tired face.

"How tired you look, Laura!" she said, kindly, taking the girl's hot hands in her own cool palms. "You must pardon me for interrupting you, but I felt that I must see you again."

A scornful little smile showed itself on the girl's face a second.

"'Blessings brighten as they fly,' Mrs. Wentworth," she answered, coolly, motioning her visitor to a chair. "Nevertheless, I appreciate the trouble you have taken."

"Don't speak to me that way, Laura. I expect you are vexed at me; but I have acted for the best, child. I love you dearly, and all that; yet, you know it would never do for you to become Lionel's wife. Child! child! I'm saving you from a world of trouble. Even Lionel—after the novelty had worn off, would think differently, and fret against his fate and imprudence. Could you endure that, Laura? to see his love gradually turn to——"

"Oh, spare me!" the girl cried, shuddering. But, recovering herself quickly, "You seem to be laboring under a misapprehension. Did not your son tell you I would never be his wife without your consent, madam?"

Mrs. Wentworth smiled grimly—her consent—they would wait a long time to get that.

"I believe he did say something to that effect," she admitted, "but

> "'A maiden's vows—
> Are lightly made and lightly broke.'"

"Yes, but whether broken or not will make but little difference to you now," said Laura sadly.

"By-the-by—changing the subject—here is a package Myra asked me to deliver, with her love. If possible, she will see you again before you leave."

The tears came into Laura's eyes as she took the package.

"Tell her for me," she said, averting her face that her visitor might not see her tears; "if I do not see her again, how much I love her; how much I appreciate her kindness, and that I will never, never, forget her goodness to me. Oh, it is too hard—too much for me to bear!" she cried, suddenly bursting into a passion of tears.

Mrs. Wentworth was at a loss; all the trite sayings natural at such times were almost rudely rejected.

Once Laura actually laughed in her face.

"It seems so absurd for you to comfort me," she said, dashing away her tears. "I only hope you will forget my weakness. The last few days have tried me so."

"I should think so. But, really, I must go; I see Banks is growing impatient. Is there anything I can do for you, Laura?" rising and holding out her hand.

"Nothing," answered the girl, turning away.

"Is this the way to part with me, Laura?"

"What would you have me do, Mrs. Wentworth? You are glad I am going—why pretend to be otherwise?"

"Oh, come; be generous!"

The girl shook her head.

"You are incorrigible," exclaimed Mrs. Wentworth testily.

"No, only honest. You can afford to be generous. You are victorious."

A look of annoyance swept over Mrs. Wentworth's face, as she moved towards the door, and began drawing on her gloves.

"I'm sorry you are so vindictive, but *n'importe*—it is of little consequence as, doubtless, we shall never see each other again."

"I sincerely trust we may not," looking her visitor calmly in the face; "yet something tells me we shall meet again, and more—that then our positions will be reversed."

Mrs. Wentworth laughed, a low, mocking incredulous laugh, that tempted her victim to spring after her, as she swept haughtily from the room.

Worn out by the day's excitement Laura slept soundly that night; when she awoke it was with the feeling a condemned criminal may be supposed to feel on the morning of his execution.

At first she wondered why she felt so depressed, then she remembered this was her last day in England.

Springing from her bed, she slipped on her dressing wrapper and slippers, and going to the window, knelt down to watch that strange awakening of nature, called dawn.

The faintest whispering of wind could be heard stirring the leaves.

The birds in the ivy about the window began to twitter; then an early chanticleer signalled the break of day, and his notes were echoed far and near by his fellows.

A faint radiance appeared along the horizon, with slender fingers of light pointing toward the zenith, that grew brighter and brigter, till a long, level ray of sunlight

darted athwart the tree tops and fell on her upturned face.

Thus she watched the dawning of the last day she would spend in her English home.

To-morrow—but who can lift the veil that hides from our longing eyes life's to-morrows?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Love Comes After.

BY N. Y. J.

WHY am I engaged to Walter Clyde? Do I love him?

It is all the same, however, whether I do or not.

He is very handsome, very fascinating; and perhaps I adore beauty all the more because I am a little pale-faced, insignificent creature myself.

We have a certain amount of money, mother and I—there are only we two—so we enjoy ourselves after our own fancy.

Just now it has led us, for the summer, to a breezy little village among the mountains in Cumberland.

Mr. Clyde has followed us, of course. We have been engaged six months, and are to be married in autumn.

Mother never liked him.

He is twelve years older than I, who am eighteen.

She says he is attracted by my money; is a man of the world, probably with debts of honor that his wife's money will pay.

But poor mamma is not wrong, and her only daughter is very wilful.

I shall marry Walter, for I love him; so the matter rests.

I am lying in a hammock in a shady part of the lawn; presently my cousin Celestine comes out and takes a vacant chair near me.

Mamma has invited her to stay several weeks with us, and she has been here a day or two.

Celestine is a thoroughly accomplished beautiful woman of twenty-four.

Walter was very much impressed when mamma introduced them; I could see that, though, when we were alone, he only said. "How marvellously beautiful your cousin is?"

She is dangerously beautiful just now, as she leans back in her chair.

Presently Walter comes up the steps, and approaches us.

It does not occur to me that Celestine has, from her widow, seen him approaching, and come down-stairs to meet him.

"Oh, Mr. Clyde," she exclaims, "how can you venture out in this heat? I should fear speedy dissolution if I attempted it."

"It would not be wise for you to venture," he answers.

"I should hardly have gone myself had I realized how warm it is.

"I have been arranging for a sail to-night, if you two ladies will honor me with your company," for the first time looking at me.

"How good of you!" cries Celestine. "I have been anxious to have a sail ever since I saw that lovely lake. We shall be delighted!"

I say nothing.

Walter remarks, carelessly, "Be sure and be ready by seven."

"Thank you," I reply, guiltily; "I don't care about going."

"How provoking you are, Marjorie!" my cousin says, pettishly.

"You said this morning that you wanted to have a sail."

"My dear," I coolly reply, "I have changed my mind; but that does not hinder you from going."

"Certainly not!" says Walter, eagerly. "Marjorie takes whims sometimes.

"I have engaged the boat; surely both ladies will not disappoint me?"

Celestine hesitates, apparently, and finally laughingly replies, "Well, if Marjorie won't be jealous, I will go."

Even I can see how my lover's face lights up, and I answer, calmly, "Why should I be jealous, Celestine?"

She flushes slightly; and just then mother calls me, and I leave them.

After tea, Walter and I were in the drawing-room, Celestine was up-stairs getting her hat, when presently Walter remarked, "You had better change your mind, Marjorie, and come with us."

I felt that his words were not sincere—that he would much rather I did not go; so laughed, and said, "No; I am going to finish a book this evening."

And soon my cousin came down-stairs, and they went without me.

After this, the flirtation progressed with astonishing rapidity.

Everyone in the house was talking of it, and in pure self-defence I accepted the attentions offered by other men.

There is a certain spice in flirting with an engaged girl, and I had plenty of devoted cavaliers.

Mr. Clyde did not interfere with me, nor I with him.

Celestine did not mention his name to me and I never spoke of her to him.

It was an excessively warm day, and I had wandered out into the woods, not far from the house, and found a comparatively cool place under the trees, and, endeavoring to read, had fallen asleep.

I was awakened by voices on the other side of a group of saplings, which hid me from the speakers, and immediately I recognized them.

"But, Celestine, my darling, I love you! You won't tell me that my love is hopeless?"

"Really, Mr. Clyde," my cousin laughed, ironically, "you are too absurd, and, considering Marjorie's claims, are going too far!"

"Never mind Marjorie," he returned. "What can she be to me, after having known you?"

"I tell you I love you! Do you understand?" His voice was deep with passion. "Marjorie will forget me in a little while."

I was too angry to be quiet any longer; probably I ought not to have listened—but I am human.

Springing to my feet, I walked round the intervening bushes, and confronted the two.

He took Celestine's hand in his, and waited her answer, breathlessly.

"Mr. Clyde," I said—and he dropped her hand, and faced me, "allow me to return your ring.

"I agree with you—'Marjorie will forget' that you ever existed in less time than you can imagine."

He was too astonished to speak; and the ring dropped at his feet.

As I turned to leave them, Celestine laughed softly.

"What a little tragedy queen it is!" said she.

I went up to my mother's room.

"I have broken my engagement," I said, briefly.

While I was telling her about it, my cousin entered.

Taking my hand, she forcibly detained me, as I tried to leave the room.

"Let me go!" I cried, passionately. "I hate you!"

"But you won't after a little," she answered. "Listen: I am going to be married in a few weeks.

"I knew you were out there in the woods, and knowing Mr. Clyde was going to try his old game, I purposely took him where you would overhear his offer. Brother Tom knows him of old.

"He has heard that I have a little more money than you, hence the scene under the trees.

"As for love, he does not care one straw for either of us.

"The only woman he ever cared for died years ago, a victim to his treachery.

"I am going away next week, and Walter will surely come to you, and ask for forgiveness.

"I came down here at your mother's request, on purpose to open your eyes to the true character of the man you loved.

"If you choose to take him back, you will have the opportunity.

"As for myself, it does not matter. I have flirted all my life, and certainly never with so praiseworthy an object as now. Some time you will forgive me."

I got away from her, and went to my room.

I was beginning to learn something of the ways of the world.

That night a delicately-tinted, perfumed note was brought to me. It read thus:

"MY INJURED DARLING:

"Only let me see you, kneel at your feet, and explain.

"WALTER."

Bah! it sickened me. I tore the note into fragments, and wrote:

"How dare you address me? Don't presume ever to write or speak to me again. Henceforth we are strangers.

"MARJORIE."

This note, with the presents that he had made me, I put in a package, and sent to him by the chambermaid.

* * * * * * * * *

It is my twenty-first birthday, and three years and more since I last saw Walter Clyde.

I have heard he married a widow several years older than himself, and such a life as they lead!

Celestine is married, too, and I worship her boy.

She is a model wife and mother. Such girls do sometimes make the best of wives.

She says she feels that the good she did during that flirtation counterbalanced a multitude of sins.

Oh, well I have forgiven her; but my heart is bitter towards men.

Mother and I are living at home in Bristol.

"It is a bitter cold day," mother said; "you had better take a drive, Marjorie."

But I told her that I was tired of driving, and would start on foot to do some shopping.

The wind blew a gale, the crossings were very slippery, and hurrying across the street to escape being run over by a cab, I slipped and sprained my ankle badly.

Immediately a crowd gathered round me; I could not walk, was nearly fainting with pain, and became half frantic.

A gentleman passing in a gig stopped to see what the trouble was, recognized me, and instantly lifted me into his trap and brought me home.

My rescuer was a wealthy bachelor, a friend of my mother's, a handsome, stately gentleman, on the "sunny side of forty." I never dreamt of him as a lover; he was so much older than I.

It was a long, tedious month before I could walk again, and Hugh Cameron was a frequent visitor.

He read to me, played chess with me, and in many ways helped to make the time pass pleasantly.

At last I got strong again, and able to go out; but he still visited at our house, and was sometimes my escort.

One day an officious lady friend informed me that it was generally understood that we were engaged.

I was annoyed on hearing this, having never thought of him in that way.

Next day Mr. Cameron asked me to be his wife, and got an angry refusal.

"Why need you have said this?" I asked, impatiently. "I like you very much, but not in that way.

"We were having such pleasant times; you might have known we could not be anything more than friends."

"How should I know?" he asked, quietly.

"Because I don't love you—never shall!" I replied.

"Well, you will some time, when you are my wife."

His audacity nearly took away my breath.

"But I tell you I will not be your wife!" I repeated.

"You may change your mind, little one," he replied, coolly, and then left me.

How angry I was!

As usual, I went to mother and recounted the whole story.

Mother said very little, merely remarked, "Mr. Cameron is a noble man, and would make you an excellent husband.

"But, of course, you know your own mind!"

I left her rather more out of humor than before.

For a week I saw nothing of Mr. Cameron, then I learned that he had gone away.

I danced and went out driving; but missed him very much!

He was so different from the society of young men with whom I was surrounded. I discovered a thousand excellences in his mind and character now that he had gone.

I did not love him, but was lonely without him.

One night, six weeks after his departure, his card was handed to me, and I went down to find him waiting for me in the drawing-room.

"Well, Marjorie," said he, coming forward, and taking my hand in his, "have you reconsidered that 'no' of yours?"

What should I say? I was tired of the world and the life I lived in it.

I liked Mr. Cameron; respected him; I had missed him sorely, but did not love him.

These thoughts flashed through my mind as I stood there.

At length I drew away my hand, and said, "Mr. Cameron, I respect and like you, but I do not love you.

"Years ago I was engaged to a man whom I thought I loved.

"I learned that he was deficient in all traits of character that go to make up true manhood.

"Since then I have never been able to clothe any man in the robes of my ideal lover. Knowing this, if you desire, I will be your wife."

He stooped and kissed my forehead.

"My darling, my dear one"—his voice trembling a little—"I will make you so happy, I will love you so tenderly that surely some time your heart will answer to mine."

And so we were engaged.

He was a strange man this Hugh Cameron.

Few men would care to win a wife so; and I often thought, as the wedding preparations went on, how great his love must be.

We had been married three months.

Everything that money could buy was mine; but I wasn't happy.

My husband remembered that I married without loving him, and this stood between us.

He seemed to think that expression of affection on his part would weary me, while every day he was growing dearer to me.

It was not possible to see day after day what an unselfish, noble character he was, and not love him; but he was strangely proud, and waited for my love, not annoying me meantime with demonstrations of his own.

There came a day at last when I knew I loved him even as he loved me.

I was sitting at the piano playing some dreamy old melody.

The door was suddenly thrown open, and my French maid, Marie, stood before me, wringing her hands and sobbing, "Oh, madame! Monsieur Cameron—he is killed! he is dead!"

The room seemed to whirl around me, but I commanded myself.

"Hush your crying, Marie! What do you mean? Will you tell me what you saw?" I said, sternly, grasping her arm with a force that frightened her.

"The new mansion at the corner! A stone—it fell on Monsieur as he was passing!"

Her voice sounded far away, the room grew very dark, a voice rang in my ears, "He is killed! he is dead!"—and I became unconscious.

"Why, little wife, open your eyes. I am not hurt!"

The well-known voice, and the powerful ammonia, which I hate, brought me to my senses again.

I was lying on the sofa, Hugh was holding my head, while Marie applied the ammonia. I sat up. "What does all this mean?" I asked.

"Only this," my husband answered. "I was passing the new building at the corner, when a marble window-sill fell.

"I should have been killed, but, by a strange circumstance, at that moment I tripped on a loose brick, and fell.

"The sill missed me by a hand's breadth. Marie supposed, when I fell, that I was killed, and" (looking severely at her), "without waiting to ascertain, rushed off, and frightened you into a fainting fit."

Marie began to cry.

"Never mind, Marie," said I. "There is no damage done; you may go now."

After she had gone, I turned to my husband, and said, "Hugh, it would have killed me!

"Oh, my husband, I love you!" And I, too, began to cry.

A wonderful light shone forth from his eyes.

"Marjorie, my darling, is it true?" laying my head on his shoulder. "Look into my eyes, little one, and say it again."

I blushed like a girl, as I looked into his fond eyes gazing into mine, and replied, "I think I have loved you a good while, only Marie was the means of showing me how much."

"At last! my darling, my darling!"

We sat there in the twilight, the bliss unutterable of perfect love filling our hearts.

And so it is now.

There is silver in my hair, and my husband's is quite gray; but the love that was revealed to me that day has never grown less.

Her Great Mistake.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

WHAT a lovely picture she made, with the warm flush of the sunset-light all around her!—a tall slender creature, with grace in every motion.

And Ross Wycherly was madly in love with her, and only waiting in feverish impatience for the time when he might dare tell her.

From a luxurious cushioned chair, at the same window where Jessica was standing in the sunset glory, Mrs. Roberts, her aunt, and only living female relative, looked coldly at her.

"I am tired of the delay in the accomplishment of your plans, Jessica.

"You promised me you would settle them to my satisfaction in three months at furthest."

Jessica turned away from the lace-draped window, and indolently seated herself in a gold-colored plush chair, that suited her lovely beauty as a throne does a queen.

Then she laughed, one of her low delicious little laughs, that while Ross Wycherly swore it was the sweetest music in all the world, never failed to irritate aunt Theodosia.

"I don't see what there is to be amused at," she said fretfully.

"I am sure if you had all the frightful expense on your hands that I have assumed in taking this big handsome house, fully furnished, wholly for your opportunity to secure Ross——"

Jessica interrupted her by a sudden little haughty motion of her head.

"Spare me the customary recital of your household annoyance, auntie.

"You are impatient, too impatient. You don't suppose I can tell Mr. Wycherly that my aunt Roberts thinks it high time he should propose, because she finds her funds running alarmingly low?"

"Don't talk like an idiot, Jessica."

"But that is the way you feel about it. You must be reasonable, as I am.

"I told you I would guarantee to bring Mr. Wycherly to my feet in three months' time, if you would adopt the role of the wealthy elderly lady, and I your heiress-niece.

"You have done it so far, and so have I. In less than a week I will tell you I am the betrothed wife of the richest, handsomest man in the state, the prospective mistress of Wycherly Park."

Mrs. Roberts caught a spark from the girl's quiet enthusiasm.

"Do you really think so, Jessica?

"Mistress of Wycherly Park—it doesn't seem possible.

"It means so much for you—luxury and elegance, richest unlimited all the rest of your life, and a stated income to me for all I have done for you.

"It has cost me hundreds dollars, Jessica.

"I suppose it has," she answered coolly. "But you may set your heart at rest.

"Ross Wycherly is as desperately in love with me as ever man was with woman, and I might have had him at my feet weeks ago, only that I would not permit him to think I could be so lightly won. Wait another week, auntie; you'll see."

And she smiled so bewitchingly, showing her little milk-white teeth, that it was a pity her lover was not there to see her.

The next morning a letter was handed her, addressed in an illiterate straggling hand to Miss Jessica Heath, that brought the scarlet blushes to her cheeks, and made her bite her lovely scarlet lips angrily.

"Again," she thought, as she tore it open impatiently. "What can be the matter now?

"It seems as if Margaret takes pleasure in thrusting herself upon me on every occasion."

And this displeasure in her face did not lessen when she read the ill-spelt, ill-written, but urgent note.

"DEAR JESSICA," it said, "mother is much worse, and you must come right away. If you don't I will have to send her to you and aunt Doshy. You haven't paid your share of expense for four months. Please bring it; we are in need of it.

"MARGARET."

"It is just Margaret over again, to send for me to come under one threat she knows will only take me to her.

"And I shall have to take the one dollar I have 'skimped out' to buy those lovely pink and blue stockings to keep her mouth shut.

"Just suppose if she should send mother here now of all times.

"I'd better take the first train to Hillborrough and see what is the matter. And I was to drive with Mr. Wycherly to-night too."

She looked at the cuckoo high upon the wall.

She had just time, and none to spare, to dress and catch the train, and write a message of apology and explanation to Ross Wycherly, to be delivered by a servant after she had gone.

But by some curious fatality Mr. Wycherly called at the house before the careless servant had delivered the note, and the maid who had answered his summons at the door very frankly told him where Miss Heath had gone—to Hillborough, to Mrs. Belden's.

He looked, as he felt, very much disappointed.

"How unfortunate? I suppose she left some special message for me.

"Ah, I thought so," he added, his handsome face lighting with pleasure as the tardy servant, hearing his voice, stepped up with his note, the very contact with which sent delightful thrills running all along his veins.

It was an exquisite little message, in Jessica's sweetest style, and most charmingly vague as to her going and destination, but promised to be home by the latest train that same evening, and bade him not forget her for a few hours.

He read the note as though it had been written by angel hands, and he was wonderfully made happy to receive it, and put it reverently away in his vest-pocket, and then made up his mind to take the next train for Hillborough, and surprise his darling and escort her home.

"It will please her so, my lovely bright-eyed Jessica.

"I can see her face light up in imagination as it will when I walk into this Mrs. Belden's parlor and take her by surprise. And when I am bringing her home, and have her all to myself, I will tell her what she must already know.

"How madly I love her, and how eager I am to have her for my wife—my beautiful peerless queen."

For Mr. Ross Wycherly was desperately in love, and knew how to be a most gallant, devoted, impatient lover.

Three hours after Jessica had entered the front door of Mrs. Belden's house, and been escorted to the little back room that served as parlor and sitting-room during the season when fires were necessary, Mr. Wycherly stopped at the front gate of the same house, piloted by an ambitious young urchin who grinned with satisfaction at the shilling he received for his services.

"That there's the house—Mrs. Belden's. I know them all—Jim and Gus, and little Mag, and the crazy old grandmother. Ye better go right in, because that there door-bell's broke."

Wycherly, conscious of a feeling of astonishment as to what could have brought his lady-love to a place so forlorn and desolate at this, suddenly understood as he heard young Tim's words.

"She has come on an errand of mercy and charity, my darling. When she is my wife she shall have no limit to her mercy and benevolent fund; and I love her better than ever for this evidence of her quiet goodness so carefully hidden from me."

He went up through the shabby front yard and on the little porch, to find that the boy's prophecy regarding the door-bell was true.

It was indeed silent and useless, nor did one, or two, or three knocks on the door bring any answer.

"I suppose I may as well go in," he thought.

And so he tried the door-knob, and found it readily admitted him into a forlorn little hall dim and dusty, from which a door, standing open, entered into a plain furnished chilly little room that was evidently the parlor.

A rap at the parlor door failing to bring any one, Wycherly sat resignedly down to wait until some one did come; and five minutes afterwards he heard the emphatic opening and closing of distant doors, and then the sound of footsteps in the room directly overhead, between which room and the one he occupied was an open stove hole in the ceiling, down which came a voice, sharp, vexatious, resolute, that pronounced the name of his beloved.

"I want to know what you're going to do about it, Jessica.

"Twelve shillings a week for her keep and clothes is pittance enough when it comes regularly, but when it don't come at all—well, I can't stand it no longer.

"She's your mother as well as mine, and if I have all the trouble, you've got to pay for her board."

If a thunderbolt had fallen at Wycherly's feet, he would not have been more astonished.

Jessica's low silver-sweet voice answered:

"She must be quite useful to you, Margaret.

"She can sew and mend, when she's not very bad, and really it is a great expense, ten dollars a month year in and year out."

"A great expense to you, Jessica Heath, living in luxury, and having all in the world you want.

"And your own mother suffering for nourishing food, and the wines and jellies the doctors say she must have.'

"That's nonsense. Doctors always do order the most ridiculous extravagances, and mother can do without them. It's a perfect nuisance at the best. If she'd die we'd all be better off."

Wycherly arose from his chair, a look of agony on his face, a feeling in his heart as if all the world were crumbling over his head.

"I thank Heaven I haven't got your heart in my body," Margaret Belden said. "Ever since you was a child you've been selfish and heartless.

"You'd always get the best a-going, no matter who went without. And now for five years, ever since aunt Dosby took you, and has brought you up like herself, you've been worse than ever.

"Go your gait, Jessica Heath, and let your poor crazy old mother, who lost her senses in bringing you into the world, die, or starve, or suffer, as you choose."

And Wycherly distinctly heard Jessica's low sarcastic laugh.

"You're too homely to be dramatic, Margaret.

"Leave that to me; and don't envy my worldly prosperity, when you see that poor and in debt everywhere as auntie and I are, we have nevertheless contrived to secure a glorious future for myself. I am to marry one of the richest men in the State, for all I am so mean, and treacherous, and heartless, and selfish as you say."

Somehow Wycherly got out of the house as unsuspected as he got in; but what an awful difference in the man.

Hope, love, joy, trust—all had gone crashing down under the ruin of his idol and from henceforth his one duty was to bear his pitiful pain until disciplined into thankfulness that the blow had not come later.

At home Jessica Heath found a note awaiting her on her dressing-table from Ross Wycherly, and her beautiful face wore a proud smile as she opened it.

When she finished the page she threw herself upon the lounge, and cried and cursed by turns, at the same hour that Margaret Belden opened a letter that contained two hundred and fifty dollars for Mrs. Heath's sole use—a letter that was undated, unsigned.

And while Mrs. Roberts retired into deepest, poverty-stricken retirement, lamenting her mad folly, and Jessica Heath was glad to do anything to earn her daily bread—a wan, worn, soured woman—Ross Wycherly was abroad hourly growing more contented and happy, and ready to be consoled by a fair girl he had met in France.

Young Wives.—Girls who marry young, without having had much experience of society and its ways, are often greatly embarrassed when they have to undertake the management of a house and entertain and receive on their own account.

There is a fixed etiquette for paying and receiving visits in the case of brides which must be observed. "Cards"—that is to say, "wedding cards"—are never sent now; that fashion, together with the one of sending slabs of wedding-cake to one's friends and acquaintances, has become quite obsolete in the course of years. A bride must wait for her friends and her husband's friends to come and see her; the former will naturally pay her a visit soon after her return from the honeymoon; the latter, even if they have never seen her, will leave cards at the house, on which she can return the visit and invite them. A bride invites her friends to come and see her, verbally, or she can give a musical afternoon, and invite her friends and her husband's friends in that way. The gruesome entertainment which was once fashionable—that of receiving your friends on a certain day in a stiff lavender silk, and regaling them on wedding-cake and fiery sherry has become a thing of the past. The less formality about the entertainment the better; if the bride is young and shy, it would be as well for her to have her mother, sisters, or intimate friends to help her receive. Calls should be returned as soon as possible, otherwise the bride's friends or her husband's friends might think that she wished not to know them in her new situation in life.

A bride does wisely to be especially amiable to her husband's friends; he and they will naturally be rather "touchy" on this point. A man's intimate male friends, particularly, are apt to look upon the young wife as their sworn enemy, as they often find that any claims they may make on his company after marriage will be resented by her. It is an excellent plan for wives not to be too exacting on this point.

Brides are always asked out to dinner a deal too soon after the return from the honeymoon; and it used to be for the lady to appear in full bridal toilette, minus the veil—even the wreath of orange-blossoms was not spared us. This is not done now. At a big dinner the bride may of course wear her wedding dress, but it is generally trimmed with other flowers, and made to look like an ordinary handsome dinner dress. It has only to be cut into a round or a square, and the sleeves shortened to the elbow, to lose the appearance altogether of a wedding dress. White is a great deal worn at big dinners now, and very obligatory, wisely. It is quite proper for the youngest bride to wear all her diamonds at a dinner-party given in her honor. At the first dinners given by a young couple they should invite their oldest friends and those of highest rank.

The Wife.—The true wife not only has the confidence of her husband, but the affairs in her especial care flourish like a garden in the height of summer; all things beautiful spring from her touch, and he enjoys the blessing of her tact and taste without fully realizing how it comes. She loves the praise of her husband, which should not be stinted, and she is desirous to share his life-work; and his confidence and esteem is all the reward she asks. She will never overtax his income, for she knows how much it is; and her share of it is always well expended, and, although she may sometimes long for an increase of worldly goods, she never reproaches him when he is diligent and does his best to maintain his family in ease and comfort.

M. S.

Motto for a lawyer—Deeds, not words.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

WHITE CROWS, rats, mice, and hares are common and easily distinguished; but it is different with a white elephant. He is not to be considered as snow white; very far from it. All the white elephants now existing in Siam and Burmah are of light mouse-color, somewhat of the same tint as the pale freckles to be found on the trunk of the ordinary elephants. This light gray is uniform all over, the spots on the trunk being white. The depth of the color, however, varies greatly; and there are often blemishes in the shape of darker patches which would seem to ruin an otherwise eligible candidate's claim. It has been, therefore, found necessary to determine some infallible test points, which will demonstrate the right of the animal to his title. The Burmese skilled men fix upon two of these tests as superior to all others. One is that the elephant shall have five toes instead of four. This is a good way of making certain; but occasionally there are indubitably black elephants which have the sacred number of toes. These are white elephants debased by sin, laboring under the evils of previous existence, and ineligible for the honors accorded to the real animal. The other test is considered perfectly decisive, no matter what the precise tint of the skin may be. It is this: if you pour water upon a "white" elephant he turns red, while a black elephant only becomes blacker than ever. This is the final test always resorted to in Mandalay.

The importance attached to the possession of a white elephant is traceable to the Buddhist system. The last avatar before he came down upon earth, to "teach the law and give the millions peace" was in the guise of a white elephant. The possession of an undoubted white elephant stands as a sign and symbol of universal sovereignty; and every Burmese King longs for the capture of such a treasure during his reign as a token that his legitimate royalty is recognized by the unseen powers. When the animal might have been secured, but goes instead to those whom he regards as his enemies the sign is, of course, all the other way.

The present Lord White Elephant in Mandalay would not be recognized as such by any except those who are learned in the science and versed in the literature of the subject, which is voluminous and not a little puzzling to an outsider. To most people he would seem an impostor, for his color is a mixture of light brown and dingy, smoke-cream color. The eye, when you know it, is perhaps the best rough test. The iris ought to be yellow, with a reddish outer annulus. The effect of this is very sinister; but the red ring represents the circle of the nine precious gems. Otherwise, too, the elephant is not attractive in appearance; he is very big, but notwithstanding the care taken of him, he is remarkably lean and hollow-sided. His tusks, however, are magnificent—white, smooth, and curving forward in front of his trunk so that they almost meet. He is very bad-tempered, and his attendants are much afraid of him. He has an establishment of thirty men to wait on him, among whom is a Minister of State who manages his affairs and looks after the revenue of the province that is assigned to him to "eat," while within the inner stockade he has a "palace" to himself. On one occasion he killed a man who had ventured too near; and there was a great deal of trouble and noise before the body could be got away from him. The King heard the noise, and inquired what was the matter. When he was told he expressed great concern and not a little alarm for the future state of the Lord White Elephant, with the stain of murder on him blotting out hosts of previous good deeds. But the elephant's Minister calmed his mind and restored him to equanimity by saying. "Pray do not be disturbed; it was not a man, only a foreigner."

Probably because he is so vicious, the Lord White Elephant has never been ridden. No one but the King himself could do so; and his late Majesty was fat and feeble, and the present King's nerves are not strong enough. He is king of elephants, and therefore none but a king can mount him. His royal trappings are kept in the palace, and are very magnificent. Bands of rich red cloth run from the head-stall to the back and thence to the tail, hanging in curves over the body. They are richly studded with rubies and emeralds. On the forehead is a plate of gold recording his Majesty's titles, such as is worn by every man of rank in the country, up to the Arbiter of Existence himself. Bosses of pure gold and clusters of precious stones cover the head-stall, and golden tassels hang about the head. When he goes forth to take the air he is shaded by golden and white umbrellas. He and the King share all the white umbrellas in the country between them. The king of men has two, the king of elephants has two, but he has also four golden ones. Not even the heir-apparent, when there is one, has a right to use the white umbrella. He has only eight golden ones; but the use of even an ordinary white-covered umbrella would be regarded as a declaration of rebellion on his part, and would lead to his immediate execution. No wonder, then, that the attendants and visitors take off their shoes when they enter the elephant's palace, and that the people bow down low and do humble obeisance when he passes through the streets. The Lord White Elephant's suite account for his irritable temper by the bad treatment which he met with in his early days. The royal coffers were low and the English were clamoring for the last instalments of indemnity-money. So the rents of the elephant were appropriated to pay off the troublesome foreigners. Every care was taken to soften the indignity, and the King himself wrote a letter of apology.

Scientific and Useful.

Liquid Blacking.—This consists of 50 parts asphalt, 50 parts naphtha, 6 parts linseed-oil varnish, 14 parts train-oil, and 18 parts of spirit of wine.

Belting.—A writer on machine belting states that a very ingenious as well as simple method of cooling a journal consists in placing an endless belt of loose water-absorbing texture on the shaft, as near the heated part as may be, and allowing the lower bight to run in cold water, which may be held in a vessel at a convenient distance below the shaft. If possible, the machinery should be so planned that the direction of the belt motion shall be from the top of the driving to the top of the driven pulley.

The English Tunnel.—The plan resorted to for excavating the English Channel is to drill the chalk stratum by means of a circular disk of iron cutters, worked by a compressed air engine by a shaft with a bevel wheel gearing, the shaft and engine extending for a length of thirty feet. The cutting disk makes two revolutions a minute and is fed forward a quarter of an inch at each revolution; the debris is received in a large iron tray, which is hauled back every now and then by a chain worked by an auxiliary air engine. An advance of half an inch a minute is made.

Cleaning Brass.—The Government method prescribed for cleaning brass, and in use at all the United States arsenals, is claimed to be the best in all the world. The plan is to make a mixture of one part common nitric acid and one-half part sulphuric acid in a stone jar, having also ready a pail of fresh water and a box of sawdust. The articles to be treated are dipped into the acid, then removed into the water, after which they are rubbed with sawdust. This immediately changes them to a brilliant color. If the brass has become greasy, it is first dipped in a strong solution of potash and soda in warm water; this cuts the grease, so that the acid has free power to act.

Mining Lamps.—It has long been known that the Davy Safety Mining Lamp, under certain conditions, is not by any means a safeguard against explosion. With an explosive atmosphere moving through the passages of a mine with a velocity above a certain standard, the wire-gauze of the lamp no longer forms an effective barrier to the flame, and explosion then becomes possible. To meet this difficulty, a kind of cover to the lamp has been devised under the title of 'The New Tin Can Safety Lamp.' It consists—as it name implies—of a tin case for the reception of the lamp, which acts not only as a guard from the draught, but is also a great protection to the lamp itself. There is a lock on the case; and a glass front, through which its light can pass.

Farm and Garden.

Corncobs.—Corncobs are very valuable, especially after they are reduced to ashes. They contain a great proportion of potash—about twenty-five per cent.—and the ashes can be either used for making soap by leaching them or spread on the soil. Cobs furnish a quick, hot fire.

Exhibition Animals.—Illegitimate tampering with exhibition animals is practised at English live stock shows. A glaring instance of this offence was brought to notice at a recent show, at which a Clydesdale horse was disqualified for having had false hair ingeniously added to his heavy foot.

Sheep.—Remedies for diseases of sheep are many, but few are effectual. This is owing to the fondness of sheep for companionship. Disease once introduced into a flock spreads rapidly, and sick sheep, as a general thing, never get well. Farmers who wish to be successful with sheep should guard them against exposure and contagion.

Fat and Breeding.—Breeders have noticed that a remarkable development of the tendency to lay on fat is usually accompanied by a delicacy of constitution, a diminished secretion of milk and a loss of fecundity. Very fat animals are not likely to be good breeders; in fact, the excessive production of fat is incompatible with a high development of the reproductive powers.

Trees and Shrubbery.—If you begin pruning fruit and ornamental trees and shrubbery while young, and follow it up each year, you can form just such a top as you want. If your trees need spreading out, cut the young shoots off just above a bud on the outside of a shoot; and if you want to train upward, leave a bud on the upper side of the limb where you cut it off.

Durable Posts.—The following is simple and effective: Burn the part of the posts to be set in the ground including the bottom end, just enought to leave a thin layer of charcoal all over the surface, and then dip them in hot tar or asphalt. The charcoal is indestructible by air and moisture; the tar or the asphalt fills the cracks and interstices, and thoroughly protects the interior wood.

Bones.—It is not practicable for all farmers to have bone mills, and the best thing is to break them up somewhat with an axe or heavy hammer, and mix them with unleached ashes, keeping the heat moist enough so the alkali will "eat" them, and render the bones soft. The bones thus treated will crumble to fine pieces when dried, and are then ready to be spread upon the land. Every farmer should see that all bones are made into a valuable home-made fertilizer.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 27, 1882.

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BEHAVE YOURSELVES.

A man who says or does things that are offensive to those about him, is spoken of as a person who does not know how to behave himself, and is called a bear, or by the name of some other animal, perhaps, in most respects his superior.

There is another class of foolish people who put on an affected and artificial manner, which is intended to draw attention to themselves, and excite admiration. It is an elaborate performance for them to enter a room in the presence of company, and once in they are so self-conscious, and so afraid of violating some one of the little proprieties of life, as to prevent them from enjoying anything.

The highest style of manner is that which attracts no special notice one way or the other. We are not much attracted by a person who is evidently posing for the occasion, and airing his accomplishments, graduating his bows, and measuring his accents, and toning his voice, and distributing his smiles, as if he were a polite automaton. Neither is the opposite extreme of systematic boisterousness altogether agreeable, as when one rushes into your house, bringing a north-east gale with him, boiling over with superfluous enthusiasm, grinding the joints of your hand till they ache, punching your ribs, and slapping you on the shoulder.

To behave properly in company requires compliance with certain conventional laws of etiquette.

To go into society in an every-day working dress, or with unwashed hands, or without moving the hat from the head, might not subject one to the same reproach that would be inflicted upon him if he went with the deliberate purpose of stealing the spoons, but the thief would stand about the same chance of being invited a second time.

A man may indulge in many things, in the seclusion of his own family, which would be out of place anywhere else. He may put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and "lay off" in general, when there are no strangers present; but he should never forget the laws of decorum even at home. It is often said that you must live with a man to know him thoroughly, and it may be well for our reputation that we do not all live under the same roof. All our courtesies ought not to be reserved for public use. The habit of fault-finding and saying sharp words in the family circle grows upon one imperceptibly, and he may become a nuisance before he knows it.

Good manners are a kind of lubricator which abates friction, and keeps everything moving smoothly and pleasantly.

SANCTUM CHAT.

ENGINEERS have been examining the ends of the Coney Island piers, with a view of trying the experiment of having the electricity for the lights upon the piers generated by the action of the waves upon an apparatus devised for the purpose.

—

A CURIOUS strike is reported from Vienna. The beer drinkers of that easy-going capital have determined to drink no more beer until the local brewers consent to revise their prices, which were lately raised without any satisfactory reason.

—

AN example of stern military discipline is reported from Dresden. At a late final examination of the Saxon corps of Cadets, it was discovered that several candidates for commissions had availed themselves of prohibited assistance on doing their natural philosophy papers. The delinquents were instantly sent back, and ordered to enter the army as privates.

—

A LEADING New York paper says: "We must not be surprised to hear of a paper furniture factory starting into existence before long. Paper can now be made of strong fibres and compressed into a substance so hard that only a diamond can scratch it. A foreign journal says that wood will be superceded by paper."

—

CERTAIN New York ladies are accused of securing at the engravers' the cards of the aristocracy, and displaying them ostentatiously upon their drawing-room tables, as if Mrs. So-and-So had just been in. The wife of a Boston Congressman was once detected at Washington in writing "with the compliments of" upon a card of Sir Edward Thornton, and quietly attaching it to the handle of a bouquet.

—

A PARTY of nearly forty young men, sons of gentlemen residing in all parts of England, left Bristol the other day for New York, on their way to Minnesota, where they are to be placed as pupils with well-known American farmers. They are under the charge of a clergyman, who has been induced to promote this emigration by the success which has followed a similar placing out of some of his own relatives.

—

No man has ever yet tested his will power. No man knows what may be accomplished by the silent cultivation of this force. Men are not men as yet because they succumb. They will only be men when they have learned to use the mighty force within them for the purpose of overcoming inherent evil and everything that hinders moral and intellectual development. In this way they will cease to palter with life, leaving it to drivel away in inaction. The greatest activity the world has ever known is nothing in comparison with that of which man is capable if once his will power was truly aroused; and will power is a thing of cultivation.

—

THE New York Chamber of Commerce has issued an interesting report on the business outlook of our country. It thinks we have at last taken our position in the financial world, which we occupied before the war, and the panic which succeeded it. All present indications seem to prove this, and despite the prophecies of disasters which have been made for some time back, we are on as firm, if not a firmer, basis than we have been for years.

—

SEVERAL of the liveliest and prettiest actresses of the Vaudeville, Gymnase, and other Paris theatres formed themselves, about three years ago, into a society which took the name of "The Laughers." They met once a month at dinner, and, according to the statutes, no male creature is allowed to be at these gatherings, and no man's name is even permitted to be mentioned unless it be to level some abuse at his devoted head. The ladies are not allowed to talk of theatrical matters in a business-like way. Fines are exacted if these rules are transgressed.

—

A MODERN Jonah, whom prosperous communities would do well to avoid, has just shaken the dust of Nevada from his feet. Before starting thence for Oregon he made this concise but comprehensive statement of the ill-luck which has hounded him: "I went to Maine, and the ice-crop failed; I went to Florida, and the frost killed all the gardens and orchards; I went to Mississippi, and they had a flood; I went to California, and the people began to die with small-pox. Since I struck this State the Comstock mines have never paid a dividend; and if I go to Oregon I am willing to wager that they will have a drouth."

—

A WRITER in the London *Lancet* gives the following statistics of travel: Of 1,564,644 persons who left Europe for New York between 1870 and 1880, 2,519 died in transit, the average duration of passage being 13 days 12 hours. Of 14,874 persons who embarked on 15 ships in 1880, 37 died. One ship, carrying 1,331 emigrants, lost 18 in the course of a 16 days' voyage. All were submitted to medical examination, and passed as healthy at the start. The figures seem to show that in crossing the ocean a man is about a hundred times more likely to lose his life by disease than by shipwreck.

—

A PROMINENT American writer is satisfied that the same race built the prehistoric mounds found in Mexico and the United States. He bases his belief on the alleged facts of a close resemblance between the construction of these remains, of the similarity of the implements employed, of the burial of the dead being exactly alike, and of the close likeness of the skulls found in the tombs of the mound-building period, whatever the locality may be. The Aztecs were not the mound-builders, because he holds they had no tendency through religion or other motives in that direction, and the specimens of pottery found in the mounds and pyramids could not have been made by the Aztecs.

—

THE New York *Herald* calls for a regularly-trained and salaried hangman, who shall be a permanent State officer, with authority to apply the penalty of the law at any point in the State where a criminal is condemned. It quotes medical authority to prove that all men hanged in that State since the old-time gallows and drop were abandoned for the iron weight have died of suffocation. England has a professional hangman—Marwood—and his victims always meet with instantaneous death. There is no bungling, and barbarity. His appointment is for life, and he has acquired proficiency by practice and study such as are possible only where one holds the place permanently. The suggestion, though not new, is a good one.

—

AN extract from a London letter says: "When I was a young man coming home from Germany and the German education, I discovered that the most fashionable of all things was to pronounce one's 'r's' down in the throat after the German and French manner. The most agreeable man of his day, charming in every way, is 'Pussy,' otherwise Lord Granville. 'Pussy's' 'r's' are very low down in the throat—genuine guttural sounds, but harmonious and pleasant. The sound is entirely different from that emitted by idiots, such as young Oxford curates and the like, who say 'vewy' instead of 'very.' It is nearer like 'vehrhy,' so far as it is possible to put it on paper. The Prince of Wales and all his brothers have this German accent to perfection. 'Vehrhy good' is the expression one hears very frequently from the heir-apparent. To-morrow becomes 'to-mohrrhow,' and the world here affects this German guttural just now."

—

"DIGITATED STOCKINGS" occupy a conspicuous place in "the clothes of the future" in England, and the innovation has been cordially welcomed in many quarters. A medical contemporary thus gravely pronounces in their favor: "They would be more comportable, more healthy—giving better play to the foot and securing increased breadth and space for expansion across the base of the toes." All this is very well, but the universal undigitated stocking need not fear its rival. It has long since driven out of the field the ancient stocking with a stall for the big toe; and if a two-toed stocking could not hold its own, what chance is there that a five-toed innovation would make much headway? The toes are already cramped in the modern boot, and they would be squeezed still tighter if digitation is to prevail, for there is no hope that fashion will prescribe broad-toed boots merely to make room for the stocking of the future. Besides, busy people perhaps find life short enough already without adding to other demands upon their time that of inserting each toe in a separate stall.

—

ONE of the most singular of all avocations is described by an English journal in a way to indicate that it has an established existence in London. It is nothing more nor less than the bringing off of prize-fights, and the business gives employment to a number of middlemen. The middleman has his regular beat, and calls on regular customers. He also has his pairs of gladiators always at call. Supposing that a set of men wish to see a genuine combat, they simply subscribe $100 or $200, and place the money in the middleman's hands. A $100 "mill" is not a very sanguinary affair, but $200 will buy a good deal of bloodshed. When the money is deposited the agent picks out "two lads that want to have a turn." The "lads" are mostly lazy louts who do not love work. They train for a week on money supplied by the honest merchant who arranges the meeting. When they are finally placed in the ring they really do hurt each other a good deal, and the spectators have the pleasure of battle and conspiracy simultaneously. There is half an hour of heavy hitting, a few spirited rallies on the cords, a large amount of bad language, and then one man gives in. The middleman pockets half the money, and the rest is divided between the battered ruffians who afford the entertainment.

—

A FEW trustworthy statistics would be of the greatest assistance in coming to any conclusion as to the condition and prospects of Russia just now. Anything really trustworthy is in the nature of the case impossible, for the Russian census is very faulty, and the rebellious classes are mostly members of a secret society. Last year, however, there were printed in the correspondence of London newspapers some figures which are the best attainable, even though they leave much to be desired. There are, then, or were, in Russia about 1,200,000 noblemen and civil and military officers, about 3,000,000 soldiers, 600,000 merchants, 6,000,000 artisans, 50,000,000 peasants and laborers, and 600,000 ecclesiastics. This includes in each class women and children, and does not include 35,000,000 Asiatic subjects of Russia. Of these there could read and write all the first class, 150,000 of the merchants (half the males), 500,000 ecclesiastics (all the males and two-thirds of the females), 1,000,000 artisans (one-third of the males); total about 2,800,000 literates. The only persons set down as interested in politics were about 1,000,000 of the first-class, and a miscellaneous class consisting of about 400,000 merchants, artisans, ecclesiastics, and students, or about 1,400,000 "politicians" in a nation of over 85,000,000.

AMID THE GAY AND AFTER.

BY W. B. W.

When Pleasure sings her winsome song,
And sets the tune to laughter,
How many smile amid the throng,
Who turn to weeping after!
When eyes are bright,
And hearts are light,
When love commands us only,
What words we say,
What thoughts betray,
To grieve us when we're lonely!

The light that shimmers o'er the gay,
And gleams in broken splendor,
How cold it grows in memory's ray,
So pure, so still, so tender!
Those patient eyes
Where sorrow lies
Like stars in beauty sleeping,
How they upbraid
When we have strayed,
And melt us with their weeping!

KATE'S ESCAPE,

-OR-

Love and the "Dragon."

BY ANNA W. YOUNG.

IT is an outrage, and we ought not to submit to it! Just think what an exorbitant rate of board we are paying, and how meagre and coarse the fare we receive in exchange! I am positively starving, and this while Madame and her assistants are living on every imaginable delicacy! I have long expected it, and the waiting-man must have read my suspicions in my countenance this morning when I encountered him in the hall, for he looked down at the waiter he held and said, with a significant smile—'Yes, miss, this goes on every day!' Girls I wish you had seen all the nice dishes that waiter held! My! how my mouth watered as I inhaled the savory odors. But this thing will not do! We must not submit to being fed on cow-peas and as much pork apiece as we can pack in our thimbles! I for one shall tolerate it no longer. I will run away first!"

An emphatic stamp of the little foot accompanied the defiant words, and Kate Noble's dark, pretty face wore an expression of mingled mirth and earnestness.

"Why do you not state the facts of the case to your guardian, Kate?" asked one of the girls. "He will doubtless permit you to return home when informed this alma mater of ours is nothing more nor less than Point Starvation!"

A shadow crept into Kate's dark eyes as she answered slowly.

"It would be useless to write to him; his reply, if he deigned me any at all, would be one of those cold studied epistles which always chill the blood in my veins, and the only notice he would take of my indignant protest, would be to remind me these are war times, and that I must submit with better grace to my deprivations. Then would follow some plausible excuse for the teachers. Besides, I don't care to return to my guardian's home. It is a perfect ogre's castle, with grim Miss Martha playing the part of the ogre's wife, and that odious son of his, Tom."

She paused abruptly, and her cheeks reddened, for the touch of bitterness in her voice had aroused the curiosity of her listeners, and she saw many an eager questioning glance bent upon her.

"Odious Tom!" cried a chorus of voices, "Who is he? Come, Kate, tell us all about him!"

"Not now, lassies; the moments must be spent in discussing a more important subject than that small piece of humanity! Let us devise ways and means to better our condition culinarily."

"I think I know the real reason why Kate does not wish to return to her guardians! There is more attractive metal near by," laughed a bright girl drawing her friend's arm through her own, and looking archly up.

"Frank Arden's proximity renders even this place endurable, eh, Kate?"

Then, as her face grew serious.

"But in sober earnest, girls, I think Kate is right; it is time we made a stand for our rights. Then if our efforts fail, we can adopt her plan and run away. Frank Arden will, I am sure, be quite happy to play the part of a second Knight of La Mancha to at least one of our distressed damsels." She looked slyly at Kate whose laughing reply was drowned by the dinner-bell just then pealing loudly through the house.

"As gladly and triumphantly," sneered Kate, "as if it were summoning us to a good old plantation dinner, instead of to cow-peas and pork."

Kate Noble was a generous whole-souled girl, whom the girls at Madame Petite's Seminary loved and acknowledged as their leader.

She was indeed a kind of heroine among them.

Quick to feel and resent injustice, she did not attempt to conceal her outraged feelings, when, as was too often the case, some act of arrogance or tyranny on the part of the teachers threw their pupils in a state bordering on rebellion.

Kate at those times was the only one who dared to speak her mind freely, and somehow, I suppose because fortune ever favors the brave, she had always come forth from her conflict with the dragon, for so the girls termed their principal, unscratched by her fury.

But Fortune is a fickle jade as Kate soon learned.

Madame Petite's Seminary was for a brief time a famous one in our Southland.

No establishment of the kind had a fairer reputation abroad; none was so thoroughly hollow at the core.

No matter what was taught, suffice is to say, that ignorance, tyranny and starvation, were its prominent characteristics, and ultimately led to its downfall.

It was a tall brick building, boasting neither colonnade nor porch to break the grim red front which frowned down upon the pretty pleasant little town stretching at the foot of its grounds.

The pupils were kept under strict surveillance, and not permitted to visit even the day scholars at their homes, unless a formal request to that effect was made by their respective parents and guardians.

Kate and Belle were among the few fortunates in question.

The former had a married cousin, Mrs. Harlston, living near the town, and the latter a sister; and once a fortnight these young ladies would saunter triumphantly out to enjoy, they declared, "the blessing of freedom, and to appease their long tried appetites."

Kate had won this privilege for herself by dint of many coaxing letters to her guardian, and that gentleman had not yielded to her request until she had assured him that Cousin Frank, Mrs. Harlstons 'brother, was in the army, far away in Virginia.

Nor did she deem it necessary to enlighten him when, a short time after, the said cousin returned home wounded.

More eagerly now than ever, Kate anticipated her bright holidays, and how she and Frank made hay while the sunsh one the sequel will show.

"Whose day is it to say grace?" whispered Belle as the party entered the dining-room where stretched a long table scantily supplied with coarse, unInviting food.

The obnoxious peas, flanked by dishes containing pork, and a few thin slices of bread deposited beside each plate, made up the repast to which forty famishing girls were summoned.

"Whose day is it to say grace?" again demanded Belle.

"Mine," answered Kate.

"Miss Noble, will you ask a blessing? Madame will not join us to-day, so do not wait." It was the usual voice of Miss Edmonds, the chief assistant, that sounded through the room.

"No," murmured Kate to Belle, she will feast on turkey and mince-meat pie while we——

"Do you hear, Miss Noble, ask a blessing."

Kate looked up quickly, reflected an instant, and then her clear young voice rang out.

"Dearest girls let us pray,
That at no distant day,
Madame and teachers, strong, fat and serene,
Will banish pork and peas,
Over which my heart grieves,
And share with us dainties wholesome and clean."

As Kate ceased speaking, and raised her laughter-lit eyes, she saw consternation written upon every face before her, while the girls nearest her were indulging in paroxysms of soft laughter.

She was turning to Belle for a word of approval, when a hand fell suddenly upon her shoulder, and Madame's stern contemptuous tones fell with startling distinctness upon her ear.

"Miss Noble, oblige us by repeating that very original piece of doggerel you have just perpetrated; we were not in time to hear it all, and must trouble you to repeat it."

Kate had flushed painfully when Madame first spoke, and looked the very picture of embarrassment.

But the sneering ring in the speaker's voice stung the girl, and enabled her to regain her usual fearless demeanor.

Turning, she faced the principal, and answered with dignity.

"Indeed, Madame, I regret to disobey you, but my poor doggerel was delivered extempore, and can not be recalled.

"You shall repeat it! I command you!" exclaimed Madame, her face blanching with the fierce passion she made no effort to control, and which, often exhibited before, had never failed to frighten and subdue her pupils.

"And, I repeat, I cannot comply with your demand," answered Kate, drawing herself up to her full height as if making ready for the battle she should have to fight with the enraged woman before her.

"But," she continued, yielding to a sudden impulse, "I will give you the sum and substance of it, but first the incentive that prompted me to compose it. It is hunger, Madame, a constant craving for something wholesome to eat, and in that 'grace' of mine, I bade the girls implore that at no distant day, you might share with us famishing girls the nice things you and your assistants daily partake of in your private apartments. Forgive me, if hunger has made me speak too plainly."

She looked fearlessly but entreatingly into Madame's face.

That face was contorted by passion. The lips wore a cruel expression, and the steel blue eyes gleamed with a hateful light upon the young girl whose dignity of speech and mien contrasted forcibly with the elder woman's fierce exhibition of rage and hate.

The girls had gathered eagerly around, feeling that matters had at last come to a crisis.

The most fearless had taken their stands close beside Kate, and among them was Belle, intently watching and weighing every word that escaped the two combatants.

For a moment Madame's angry glance rested on the girl, then, ere one of the throng could conceive her purpose, she raised her hand and let it fall with quick and sudden force upon the pure young face raised to hers; crying out in sharp, shrill tones as the blow resounded—

"Take that for your unparalleled insolence."

"Madame!"

The cry burst simultaneously from every lip, then all grew still, as if the girls had been suddenly struck dumb with astonishment at this last outrage.

But the silence was only momentary; subdued murmurs soon arose, and gradually swelled into indignant expressions; while every eye was bent upon Kate, who stood self-possessed, though the crimson tide of insulted pride was surging hotly over her face, and her dark eyes were flashing with the fires of scorn and resentment.

She had bitten her lips to keep back the fierce passionate words that had leaped to them as she received the blow, and tightly locked her hands as if fearing they might avenge her.

When at length she trusted herself to speak, there was no trace of passion in her voice, though it was full of intense scorn.

"That blow was well worthy of you, Madame, and degrades you, not me. It will serve, however, to sever the relation in which we have stood to each other. Consider me no longer a pupil of yours."

She passed out of the circle the girls had formed around her; and had reached the door that communicated with the hall, when her arm was suddenly caught from behind, and Madame exclaimed—

"Go immediately to your room, miss, and remain there until you receive further orders from me."

"Solitary confinement, with bread and water with which to break your fast, will, I think, teach you how to respect your superiors."

Kate's lip curled and her eyes flashed, but she suppressed her indignation, and passing without further molestation out of the room, sought refuge in her own apartment.

Here she was joined by a score or two of the girls all eager to testify their sympathy and devotion, and all urging her not to remain another day where she had been so grossly insulted.

But how to make her escape was the query which now arose, and many were the means and ways suggested, but none appeared practicable.

"Kate," said Belle, pausing in her walk up and down the room, and awakening from a brown study—

"I think I have hit upon a plan by which you can escape from this hole. Agree to what I am going to propose, and by to-morrow this time you will be beyond the dragon's reach. But before I say another word you must one and all pledge yourselves to secrecy, else our plan may be thwarted."

The girls enthusiastically gave their pledge, and Belle resumed—

"You know this afternoon I have an engagement at my sister's. I propose to acquaint her with what has happened, and persuade her to drive me out to Mrs. Harlston's. I'll venture you will not remain long in 'durance vile' if Frank Arden once hears of that scene in the dining-room. He is now quite restored to health, and will, I am confident, take measures to restore you to liberty."

"My dear generous Belle," cried Kate, throwing her arms around the girl, "always ready to assist one in trouble even if you incur the risk of having to suffer for your friendly offices.

"I have been thinking of that as the only course to pursue, but did not like to suggest it for when Madame finds——"

"Bother Madame!" interrupted Belle, taking out her hat and veil and hurriedly donning them."

"I promise you, Kate, that just as soon as you are safe beyond the dragon's clutches, I shall waive an eternal adieu to this old jail and its worthy keepers. Keep up your spirits and courage, dear, I'll be back soon," and waving her hand, Belle ran swiftly down and, as she expressed it, "sneaked out of the back door so as to escape the argus-eyed dragon."

All that afternoon Kate sat in her room surrounded by her devoted friends, expecting every moment a summons from Madame, but that personage had not yet decided how to further punish her pupil.

The truth was she half repented the violence she had been guilty of; not that she deemed the blow unmerited, but she feared, when publicity was given to the affair, that her character would suffer from the light in which it would be exhibited, and her establishment lose caste in consequence.

And so while she held counsel with herself the afternoon waned; and the impatient girls were wondering at Belle's protracted absence, when, the door opened, and that young lady glided in bearing on her bright face a satisfied triumphant expression.

"It is all right, Kate," she whispered, "Frank Arden will be here in a carriage early to-morrow morning to convey you to his sister's. Mrs. Harlston said she would demand your release, but knows Madame would tolerate no interference on her part. Frank wanted to come to the rescue immediately, but his sister advised him to wait until to-morrow. You should have seen their indignation when I described how the fat heavy hand of the dragon struck you! Frank looked furious, and clenching his hand, said something which sounded very much like a bit of dreadful swearing. But where is Madame, has she been up yet?" she asked.

"No," began Kate, but paused as a low knock sounded on the door.

Belle opened it, and a glass of water and a slice of dry bread was handed in.

"Take it back," cried Kate, an angry gleam in her dark eyes, and don't bring me anything again, Phyllis. I have eaten my last meal in this house.

As the door closed on the domestic, the bell rang for supper, and the girls left the room; Belle alone remained with Kate.

"See!" cried the former, drawing out a basket which she had secreted under her shawl.

"In spite of the dragon you shall not go supperless to bed to-night. See what a treat I have brought you from sister, whose sympathies are thoroughly aroused. Now, confess, it will be no fault of ours if you do not feast to-night!"

Kate testified her appreciation by waltzing round the room in an ecstasy of delight.

"You dear old darling!" she exclaimed, giving Belle a vigorous hug, "and that sister of yours is the best little woman in the land. Come, Belle, you must share this feast with me!" and soon the two girls were doing full justice to the delicious repast before them.

"And now," said Belle, when they had finished—"Comes the dessert in the shape of this from Mr. Frank."

She drew a letter from her pocket and handed it to Kate.

"When he gave it to me he said, 'You will soon know its contents, Miss Belle, be sure and use your influence in my behalf.' I am dying to know what it is about, so be quick and read it. I have my suspicions, however!"

Kate opened the letter, and in a few moments Belle saw her face flush crimson, and she knew her suspicions were correct.

"Belle," said Kate at last, looking up from her letter, "he—he wants me to marry him, and here are a few loving words from Cousin Mattie, urging me to yield to Frank's wishes. Oh! what shall I do?"

She leaned her head on her hand looking perplexed and confused, but wonderfully happy.

"Kate," answered Belle, kneeling beside her, "You have often assured me you were not happy at your guardian's——"

"No, no," interrupted Kate, "you cannot imagine how I am persecuted there. He wants me to marry his son, Tom, when I attain my nineteenth year. He says there was some such agreement between himself and my father; but I don't believe a word of it. He is unscrupulous, and has made up this story hoping by it to induce me to comply with his wishes. He wants to secure my fortune for that booby Tom! And I know if I inform him of the atrocious treatment I have received here, he will only be too happy to recall me home, and I shall then be persecuted day and night by father and son until I yield to their wishes."

"Why not accept Frank then, and outwit these plotters. He is a splendid fellow, and stands high in the estimation of all who know him. I declare, Kate, you will deserve to become Mrs. Tom if you refuse the offer of such a heart as Frank's. You are the luckiest girl I know! But tell me more! How and when does his lordship propose to tie the knot matrimonial?"

"He proposes to drive from here to his sister's, where we will be married as soon as we arrive," answered Kate, blushing brightly.

"He wishes me to wear this to-morrow if I consent to marry him."

She drew a small box from her pocket, and uncovering it, disclosed a band of gold.

"He gave it to me the last time I met him, for I must tell you, Belle dear, this is not the first time he has asked me to be his wife."

Belle's scarlet lips pouted, and gave vent to something like a whistle, and she was proceeding to interrogate further when the door opened, and the girls rushed in.

"Only time to say good-night," they cried.

"The dragon is in a terrible humor, and has ordered us to our rooms. Would not be surprised if you caught it to-night, Kate."

But during the long hours that followed, Kate and her devoted friend and room-mate were undisturbed.

Silence wrapped the building and its inmates in her sombre arms, and only once was the reigning stillness broken.

The wakeful girls while discussing their hopes and plans, detected a shuffling stealthy tread in the corridor; it was retreating, it seemed, from their door, and a vague feeling of fear crept into the minds of the eager listeners.

They sprang to the door and peered out, striving to penetrate the darkness where the steps still glided on.

"I cannot see a creature!" cried Kate, "but I am quite sure somebody has been listening, and to-morrow we will find the doors well locked, and our escape impossible."

It seemed to the anxious girls as if that morrow would never dawn, but at last the east grew rosy, and the glorious sunlight of a new-born day flooded the tree-tops with its golden glory.

Everything was ready for Kate's flight; her trunks were packed to be sent for at a suitable time; and now the girls equipped for their early drive, watched anxiously for the carriage.

Kate's left hand was ungloved, and on her fore finger there gleamed conspicuously a band of gold.

"I hear it! I hear it! And there it comes," cried Belle, excitedly.

"Come, Kate, don't lose a moment! I do not think the servants are up yet, and if we are quick and quiet, we may succeed in stealing a march on the dragon."

She caught Kate's hand, and together they passed quickly down to the front door.

To the inexpressible dismay of the girls it was locked and the key gone!

"To the back door!" cried Belle.

This too resisted their efforts, and on inspecting the windows, they found them nailed firmly down."

"It is just as I feared," cried Kate, "they learned our intentions by eavesdropping last night, and now we are prisoners! Oh, what shall we do!"

Meanwhile the carriage had driven up, and Frank Arden bounded out.

He soon understood the hopeless condition they were in, and grew almost frantic with disappointment.

"Miss Belle," he called through the keyhole, "you must go to Madame and demand the key, and you, Kate, go to one of the windows on the second-story, I wish to see and instruct you how to act if Madame persists in keeping you a prisoner."

Frank's heart throbbed, and his face lost its shade of disappointment when, Kate, appearing at the window above, he spied the token which assured him of her love and consent to become his wife.

"Kate," he cried, in enraptured but guarded tones—

"If I do not succeed in getting you off this morning, do not despair, for I promise ere another sun rises, you shall be safe beyond the reach of your persecutors. You and Miss Belle must hold yourselves in readiness to leave here at a second's notice, I will be——"

But here he abruptly paused, made a signal to withdraw, and stepped forward as if to meet some one.

Kate peeped from behind the curtains, and saw that Madame had emerged from the front door, and stood confronting Frank.

The skirmish that followed was brief but sharp.

From her stand-point Kate could see Madame gesticulating violently, and she knew by the flushed face that she was greatly excited, but only disjointed sentences of what she was saying reached her.

Frank's reply, however, came clear and strong, cheering the heart of the desponding girl.

"Miss Noble is a relative, Madame, and even if she were not, I should still consider it my duty to protect her from the shameful treatment she is here subjected to. If I can prevent it, you shall certainly not have another chance to inflict such a blow as your unwomanly hand dealt her yesterday! Depend upon it, her guardian shall learn the truth of what has occurred; but if the Fates will only be prosperous, I shall rescue her before he can interfere."

As the last words were uttered, so softly that both Madame and Kate failed to catch them, Frank touched his hat, sprang into the carriage, and drove rapidly away.

"Hoping thereby," he afterwards told Kate, "to escape the vials of wrath he saw the dragon was about to hurl at his devoted head."

The said vials soon burst in all their bitterness over Kate and Belle.

The latter fearlessly acknowledged the part she had played in the effort made to rescue Kate, and was so cool and independent that Madame threatened her with punishment severer even than that she was about to inflict on Kate.

But Belle's good-angel in the guise of her sister, soon rescued her from the dragon's clutches.

Frank had informed her of the failure of their plans, and she, fearing that Belle's loyalty to her friend might result in sorrow and disgrace, hastened to the Seminary, and, after hearing from Madame an exaggerated account of her trials and grievances, insisted on her sister returning home with her.

Madame resisted, but the lady was firm, and finally Belle, who had been summoned to the parlor, returned to Kate with a radiant face.

"Fortune favors us, dearie," she exclaimed, "sister has interfered just in the nick of time. Now, I can unite my efforts to Frank's, and together we will get you out of this place. If everything else fails, rope-ladders shall be our resort. But stay," she continued, as a sudden thought flashed through her mind—

"You remember the door to the large room in the garret. Well, the key to that will unlock the back door down stairs, and I also know where there is a key that will fit this lock! Why did I not think of these keys this morning! Surely my wits were slumbering. I will secure them now!"

She bounded out of the room, and returned a moment later, jingling the keys merrily.

"Now, let the dragon look as much as she pleases, we can defy her! Strange she has not thought of these. Well, good-bye, I'll see you to-night!" and kissing Kate, she joined her sister, and was soon beyond the precincts of the house.

The hours dragged by on leaden wings to the lonely girl upon whom the doors were now locked; but at last, night dropped her curtain, and Kate, who had borne the loneliness calmly and patiently all day, began to grow restless and anxious, for the time was rapidly approaching when she might expect her friends.

Taking her stand at the window, she watched the white road gleaming beyond, while the moonlight streamed around her clothing all things in its mellow silvery radiance.

An hour passed, then another, and Kate was growing impatient, when she perceived several persons approaching the house.

Were they coming to her rescue?

No! they were elderly men!

She did not even know them.

Suddenly the door-bell pealed loudly through the silent building, and as the summons was quickly answered, Kate heard them explain in frightened anxious voices.

"The Yankees are coming! marching rapidly down upon the town. It is quite a surprise! We did not know they had crossed the river, and we thought it best to advise you of their approach, so that you and the young ladies may be ready to leave here if necessary. They will probably burn the town!"

Words cannot describe the confusion that ensued.

Lights flashed from room to room, doors were opened and shut violently, and steps were heard running up and down the corridor.

Timid ones cried and wished they were in the parent's nest, while brave bold spirits laughed at their fears and longed for a glimpse at the "blue-coats."

In the prevailing confusion, Madame, as well as her pupils, seemed to have utterly forgotten Kate, who, for Frank's sake, had grown alarmed and anxious.

"What if he should fall into the hands of the powerful foe while on his way to rescue her," she thought, nervously clasping her hands, and her dark eyes were filling with tears, when, suddenly, she heard her name pronounced from below.

She glanced quickly down and saw Frank Arden standing in the shadow of a large tree that grew beneath the window.

Something gleamed in his hand a second, then fell at her feet.

It was a key to which was attached a slip of paper containing the following direction—

This will open your room door. Meet me at the back door which leads into the grove. Wrap a shawl around you and be quick and silent.

To envelope her face and form as directed was the work of a moment, and opening the door with the key thoughtful Belle had secured, Kate hurried unobserved down the stairway, and through the passage that led to the door at the rear of the house.

Here Frank caught and almost carried her to the carriage awaiting them in the most secluded portion of the grove.

But before reaching it he stopped a moment, and, looking into the fair face dearer to him than all the world, said, while his true fond eyes glowed with the love filling his heart and being.

"Kate you wear my ring, may I hope you will give me to-night a husband's right to protect you in future from all wrong and insult?"

She placed her hand, on which gleamed his ring within his own.

For an instant he held her to his heart, and then hurried on to the vehicle.

Here Kate was joyously welcomed by Belle.

"Hurrah for us and Heaven bless the Yankees!" cried the sprightly girl, as her friend took the seat beside her.

"I tell you Kate, if the rumor of their approach had not frightened the dragon out of her wits, you would not have escaped so easily, for she told sister she intended to guard the doors to night, as she feared Mr. Arden would make another effort to liberate you."

While she was thus speaking, Frank had taken the reins and was driving furiously through the grove toward the town.

Entering this, he avoided its most public portions, and soon reached the fresh, quiet country road that led to his sister's home.

"I hope," he said, bending down and speaking for the first time since taking the reins—

"I hope we shall not run into those fellows. There is no telling what will happen if we should; but let come what may, I'll have my wife. I am not going to be cheated out of my hope of becoming a Benedict, eh Kate?"

He looked teasingly at her as he spoke, and she was blushing most becomingly beneath his ardent gaze, when a sound reached them that sent the blood back from at least two young faces.

"Cavalry!" shouted Frank, "and by the powers they are coming in this direction at a rapid rate too. We must try to reach the woods ere——"

But it was too late, while he spoke round the bend in the road came a body of horsemen.

In a moment the carriage was surrounded.

"What will become of us!" cried Kate. "They will murder us in cold blood, or what is far worse, carry us off as prisoners!"

"Don't forget you are a Southern girl, Kate and show the white feather to these rascals," said Frank almost sternly, and dismounting as he spoke, he looked around in search of the commanding officer.

He soon found himself face to face with a handsome youthful looking man.

For a moment the two men gazed at each other in speechless surprise; then he who wore the Blue, exclaimed, as he sprang from his horse and extended his hand—

"Frank Arden! by all that's wonderful! But what are you doing here? I thought you were with your regiment in Virginia!"

"So I was until a certain wound sent me here to be nursed by the same sister who once cared for you, Charlie, when you were sick and a prisoner, and who, it seems, saved you from the very jaws of death, only that you might bear arms again against her native South!"

As Frank spoke a shadow fell across the sunny countenance of the young Federal officer.

"The fortunes of war, my boy," he answered.

"But your noble sister, tell me of her! Is she here too?"

"Yes, she refugeed when your countrymen laid waste the old homestead. I am now on my way to her present abode; it is but a short distance from here."

"I am glad you told me this," the officer exclaimed.

"I and my followers will respect her retreat. We shall pass quietly through this portion of the country, and for once your rebels shall say the Yankees left your houses and fields undisturbed."

He gave an order, and the men standing around the carriage fell back, much to the relief of the girls within, who in spite of their endeavors to appear calm and courageous, were terribly frightened by their proximity to the stern, silent, well-armed soldiers.

"But tell me, Frank," continued the officer, "what brings you here at this late hour, and, if my eyes deceive me not, accompanied by two demoiselles?"

Frank pondered a moment ere he answered.

He had failed to secure the services of a minister.

The friend he had counted upon to perform the ceremony had been suddenly called away, and several hours, probably the entire night, must elapse ere he could procure the services of another.

There was danger in delay for himself and Kate.

Might he not, then, make a virtue of necessity, and in his dilemma invoke the aid of this friendly Federal officer?

"Kate, of course," he mused, "would not listen to such a proposition; she would prefer to fall again into the dragon's clutches; but all is fair in love and war, and I'll resort to a little stratagem and so secure my bride."

Thus resolved, he drew the Colonel aside, and briefly related his story.

"And, now, Charlie," he cried in conclusion—

"I see you have a chaplain with you. Permit him to perform the ceremony here under the green-wood trees, and in return for your good offices I will give you this piece of information.

"Our boys are mustering in large numbers near the river, and will fiercely oppose your further progress through the country. Your force is a small one, better bear in mind, 'discretion is the better part of valor.'"

The other's answer was a hearty grasp of the hand.

And while he turned round to confer with his chaplain, Frank hastened to the carriage where the girls awaited him eager and anxious.

"Matters are growing serious, Kate," he said, his conscience sharply pricking him for the deception he was about to practice, "I may lose you forever unless—unless you will humor the whim of this officer and consent to be married on the spot.

"I have been forced to explain our situation to him, and he proffers the service of his chaplain if——"

"Married by a Yankee parson!" interrupted Kate, with flashing eyes, and forgetting in her indignation her fears for their safety.

"No, no, a thousand times no! The wretch! How dare he propose such a thing?"

"Then he must accompany me, lady," said the colonel, stepping suddenly up to the carriage, and placing his hand on Frank's shoulder—

"And in lieu of matrimonial sweets, he shall taste the bitters that are dealt out to rebels in Northern prisons."

The bright blue eyes were full of glee, an expression not altogether in keeping with words that fell painfully distinct on the ears of the excited girl.

"Come, Mr. Arden, as the young lady refuses to comply with my demands, you must proceed with me."

Frank glanced beseechingly at Kate, who returned his look with one so full of pain and irresolution that his heart smote him for the suffering he was causing her.

"You will not doom me to such a fate, darling," he whispered, drawing near the carriage and softly pressing her hand.

Another long troubled look into the fond supplicating eyes, and love triumphed!

"Do not take him away!" Kate cried, springing from the carriage, and in her excitement clutching the hand still resting on Frank's shoulder.

"I'll submit to anything rather than have him thrust into one of your dreadful prisons."

"Bravely spoken!" exclaimed the officer gaily.

"Come, then, Miss Kate, give your hand to Mr. Arden, and you chaplain, commence the marriage service."

He uncovered his head as he spoke, and there under the star-gemmed canopy of night, with her faithful Belle beside her, and the dark stern forms of the soldiers gathered curiously around, Kate took the vows which made her Frank Arden's wife.

"You have won a noble husband, Mrs. Arden," exclaimed the Colonel, as the last words were spoken by the chaplain. "I wish you joy with all my heart, and permit me to hope you will pardon the part I have played to-night. In this little *ruse de guerre*."

"*Ruse de guerre*," repeated Kate slowly, then, catching the mirthful twinkle in the officer's blue eyes, and Frank's wistful deprecatory glance the truth dawned upon her.

"Frank Arden what does this mean?"

She turned to him flushed and excited.

"Don't be angry, Kate," Frank exclaimed eagerly, "Believe me, I have acted for the best.

"As soon as it is known the Federals have left the State, the dragon will be sure to send her forces in quest of us, and to save you from their clutches, and myself from hopeless despair, I resorted to this stratagem, well knowing that unless some terrible fate threatened me you would never consent to be married in this irregular romantic manner.

"As Miss Noble I could not hope to protect you, as it is, woe betide the man or woman who dares to place the weight of his or her hand on Mrs. Arden."

Very handsome and defiant he looked as he spoke, and beneath the pleading eloquence of his dark eyes, Kate's wrath melted away.

"That's my generous girl!" cried Frank joyously, reading his pardon in her radiant face; "and now dearest, your hand to Charlie, for indeed we are his debtors."

Kate hesitated.

She had not quite forgotten the gallant Colonel for frightening her so cruelly, and beside, being a thorough rebel, she feared it would be treason of the darkest dye to take the hand of her country's foe in friendly clasp.

But it was only an instant she wavered: the bright handsome face before her was irresistible.

She grasped his extended hand and said softly—

"Come and see us, Colonel, when this cruel war is over, and I will then show you how truly grateful a Southern girl can be to one who has——"

She paused.

"Helped her to a husband," said the Colonel, laughing merrily as he finished the sentence.

"But really, Mrs. Arden, that service, methinks, should atone for a greater sin than I have been guilty of to-night, in aiding Frank to successfully consummate love's stratagem. Don't you think so, Miss Belle?"

But before that young lady could give the saucy retort she meditated, Frank called out, as the officer sprang lightly into his saddle—

"If you pass through the town, Charlie, be sure to call on the dragon, and demand of her Mrs. Arden's share of the cow-peas and pork."

The Colonel laughed as he promised to do so, and waving a grateful adieu was soon out of sight.

"Is he not splendid," cried Belle. "If he had only worn the Grey, I would have set my cap for him!"

"Splendid indeed!" echoed Frank, drawing his young wife closely to his side, and in his heart invoking a blessing on the man who had enabled him to secure his treasure.

And in the years that followed, when the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" had passed away, there was no one whom Frank and Kate delighted more to welcome to their happy home, than this gallant Federal officer, who had figured so prominently at their marriage under the green-wood trees.

SELF-POSSESSION.—To be ready for any emergency is one of the charms of a successful actor; but one may have perhaps a little too much self-possession. A French writer tells a story of a French tragedian, who, during the progress of a tragedy, let a set of false teeth fall from his mouth. This was nothing more nor less than an accident which might happen to anyone. Lord Brougham is said to have suffered the same misfortune while speaking in the House of Lords. But the great tragedian showed great presence of mind, and also a certain indifference to the serious nature of the work in which he was engaged, when he coolly stooped down, picked up the teeth, replaced them between his jaws, and continued his speech. At one of the French provincial theatres a piece was being played in which the principal character was that of a blind man; the actor to whom this part had been assigned was unwell, and it seemed necessary to call upon another member of the company to read the part. Thus the strange spectacle was witnessed of a man, supposed to be totally blind, who read every word he uttered from a paper he carried in his hand. At a performance of "William Tell," the traditional arrow, instead of going straight from Tell's bow to the heart—perforated beforehand—of the apple placed on the head of Tell's son, stopped half-way on the wire along which it should have traveled to its destination. Nothing could explain away such an awkward incident as this, and the curtain fell amid roars of laughter.

LONG NAILS.—The Chinese have many peculiar fashions and fancies which are remarkable; and one of the most curious is the industry with which they cultivate their finger nails. They esteem it a good proof of a man's being a gentleman, or at least one who is not obliged to have recourse to manual labor to procure his subsistence if he have long nails. They sometimes allow them to acquire the extraordinary length of eight or nine inches. In order to preserve them from external injury, each of the claws is enclosed in a joint of hollow bamboo, so that the hand which, is graced with these strange ornaments, is rendered nearly useless. The Chinese ladies are particularly attentive to the preservation of their nails, which are sometimes an inch or an inch and a half long on all the fingers. Their texture resembles a dry quill very much, and as they increase in length they curl up at the edges.

FALSEHOOD and fraud shoot up from every soil.

PLEURISY PAINS AND ALL ASTHMATIC OR BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS are soon relieved by that certain remedy for Coughs and Colds, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

CROSSING THE ALPS.

THE consummation of the Mount Cenis enterprise deprives travelers of one of the wild features of continental travel—via, the passage of the Alps by the celebrated railroad heretofore and for the past two years in operation.

In the summer of 1869, the writer had been spending some time in Paris, and its beauties, its attractions, and its dissipations; and, tiring of them, he determined to try the Mount Cenis Railway sensation.

Accordingly, on a pleasant afternoon in July, after bidding adieu to some very dear friends in Paris, he took the express train from that city for St. Michel, a little town which nestles just at the foot of the Alps on the French side.

After a pleasant ride of some twenty-five hours' duration, we arrived there; and with a few moments' rest we left the train to encounter ourselves in the peculiarly constructed affairs in which we were to cross the Alps, from St. Michel, France, to Susa.

And now began a trip over which poets and artists have gone wild. The carriages run on three rails, the middle one of which is almost a foot high, and is made for the two cog-wheels which project from the locomotive, and which, pressing toward each other, serve to hold the engine on the rail.

The ascent in some places is so very steep that almost the entire weight of the train depends upon the cog-wheels and rail; and should one of these prove defective, the result would be, by those in the car, more easily felt than described.

We started on the ascent about two o'clock in the afternoon; and although it was intensely warm at the start, we soon felt the need of heavy clothing.

Before an hour had passed, we were gratified with the most novel of spectacles, that of acres of pure white snow in midsummer. Around, and over, and far, far beneath us, we could see in every direction miles of snow and ice; and, in many spots which the sun never reached, it seemed as though the combined storms of centuries had accumulated their wintry offerings.

On some portions of the Alps, not so high as these, and where nature has formed greater protection from the winds and storms, little settlements of hardy mountaineers have sprung up; and in one place we saw a tiny church, high steeple, cross and all, built to seat not more than twenty people at the most.

"Houses of Refuge" are also scattered at intervals through the route, whose sole occupation is that of assisting or succoring travelers who lose their way or are overtaken by storms. In those houses large mountain-dogs are kept to assist in searching for or rescuing wayfarers.

After reaching the summit of the mountain, we commenced our descent; and here the apparent danger was most appalling. The curves were so short that we could with difficulty keep our seats, and the view from the windows were calculated to try the strongest of nerves. It seemed as though there was absolutely no bottom to the abyss on the dizzy edge.

We first became aware that we were approaching the city of Susa, by the hordes of Italian beggars who had scrambled up the mountain to meet us, and who, running along by the side of the train, beseught us in the most heartrending of accents and the most unintelligible of jargon to empty our pockets. As the Italian Government had been considerate enough to coin pieces of specie called *centesimo* (each of the value of one twentieth of an American cent), for the express purpose of enabling travelers to compromise matters with these vagrants, the occupants of the train—which descends the mountains slowly—literally emptied their pockets out of the windows. And then what a jolly scrambling took place when the road became wider!

It was true, too—however strange—that the strongest and lustiest of the beggars always appeared to get the largest supply of specie. At last, after an exciting ride of some seven or eight hours, we found ourselves in sunny, beautiful Italy. W. B.

TUMULTUOUS HORRORS.—In an Hungarian village, a handsome man of forty-five and a devil-may-care youth of twenty became enamored of a pretty young widow who kept a wine shop. Jealous of the favors shown to the boy the man laid in wait to kill him, but instead fell a victim to the superior strength of his rival. An investigation proved beyond question that the two adversaries were father and son and that the pretty widow was the daughter of one and the sister of the other. It was a grim fate which brought these three together after a separation which began during the infancy of the children.

THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of *The Frank Siddalls Soap* had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap sends for it.

—WAR. WAR.—

WAR ON THE WASH-BOILER. WAR ON FILTHY FUMES OF STEAM.

A GOD-SEND TO OVERWORKED HOUSEKEEPERS and SERVANT-GIRLS.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS HAS ATTENDED THE INTRODUCTION OF

The Frank Siddalls Soap

IT HAS MADE A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES.

IT HAS BEEN DECLARED by EDITORS and HOUSEKEEPERS to be one of the MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES of our Time,

And the "POST" now has the pleasure of telling its readers about its being a Labor-saving Invention destined to afford wonderful relief to over-worked women and servant-girls. It is as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor. *The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes* is better and easier than the old way, and it will answer both for the finest laces and garments and the coarser clothing of the laboring-classes. It is a cheap Soap to use; and a few minutes' time on the part of a Housekeeper of ordinary intelligence is all that is necessary to show the washwoman how to use it, and every Housekeeper should insist on its being used *one time* EXACTLY BY THE DIRECTIONS.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP and THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF REFINEMENT.
A person of Refinement will be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE.
A person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in following directions which are so easy that a child could understand them.

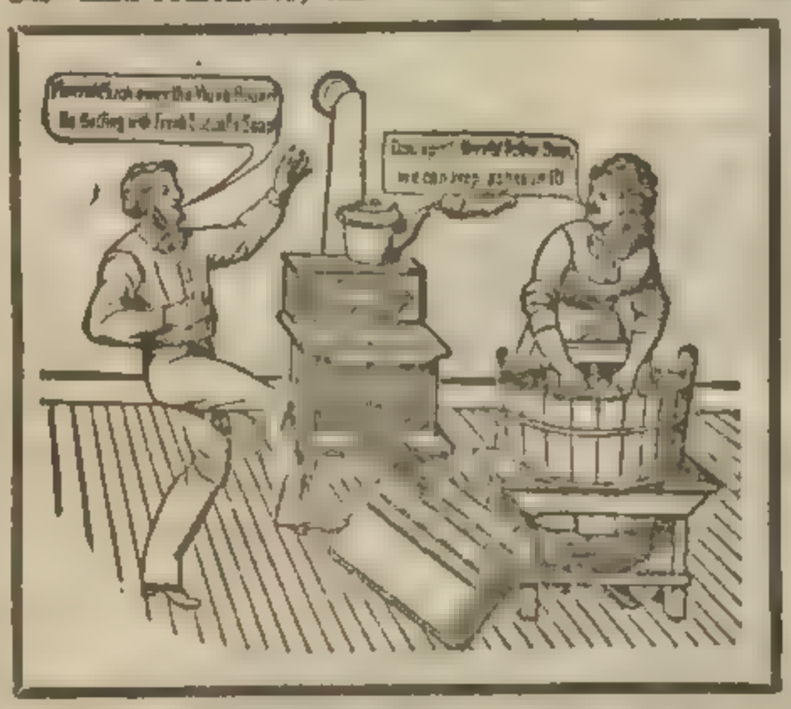
HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF HONOR.
A person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE PERSON.
A sensible person will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

JUST THINK! NO STEAM TO SPOIL THE FURNITURE AND WALL-PAPER!

DONT FORGET TO TRY THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP FOR THE TOILET, THE BATH, AND FOR SHAVING. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant, and infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores, which other soap often causes. EVEN A PERSON OF ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE WILL KNOW FOR CERTAIN that the long-continued use of a Soap that is excellent for washing children CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE MOST DELICATE ARTICLE WASHED WITH IT, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜



HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY, where it is not Sold at the Stores.

1st.—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps.
2d.—Say in her letter she saw the advertisement in the "POST"
3d.—Promise that the Soap shall be used THE FIRST WASH-DAY after she gets it; that it shall be used ON THE WHOLE WASH, and that ALL THE DIRECTIONS, even the most trifling, shall be followed.

Make your Promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

Those who send for a Cake must NOT send for any for their friends. Let each family who want the Soap send for themselves.

Now by return mail a full-size 10-cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage-stamps have to be put on. This is done because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen out to sell to the Stores.

Of course, only one Cake will be sent to each person, but after trying it the Stores will then send for it to accommodate you, if you want it.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS IMPROVED WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

EASY AND LADYLIKE; SENSIBLE PERSONS FOLLOW THESE RULES EXACTLY, OR DONT BUY THE SOAP.

The Soap washes freely in Hard Water. Dont use Soda or Lye. Dont use Borax or Ammonia. Dont use any thing but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. It answers for the Finest Laces, Calico, Lawns, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for soiled clothing of Butchers, Blacksmiths, Mill Hands and Farmers.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. *Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.* A wash-boiler standing unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in the Soap. Wash the white flannels with the other white pieces.

The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour, *and let the Soap do its work.*

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the washboard, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds. Any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows:—Wash each piece lightly on the washboard through the rinse-water, (without using any more Soap,) and see that all the dirty suds are got out. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT the blue-water, which can either be lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any blueing, for this Soap takes the place of blueing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until it gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them and *hang them out to dry without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

Always make the blue-water soapy, *and the less blueing the better.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet indoors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. *Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces.*

☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement, and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, No. 713 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

BY BERTIE HAYLE.

ACROSS dog Rover was certainly not, though he could be provoked and get angry on fitting occasions.

Little Harry and Julia were extremely fond of him, and showed their fondness by taking all sorts of liberties with him, which, had he been of an irritable nature, would certainly have resulted in a growl on his part; but he displayed the utmost patience in their hands, and I think, even complacency and pleasure.

He was a handsome fellow, with hair that curled all over him in delightful little curls long ears, and a beautiful snub nose.

Rover was sometimes tied up, and sometimes allowed to run about loose.

He had a snug kennel, and a trough, in which he was given his dinner every day.

His trough stood in the yard near his kennel, and any birds that saw him eating his dinner used to feel a lively desire to help him.

This was a natural feeling on their part, but it was one Rover could not be expected to share.

The cocks and hens, and even the younger and therefore less reasonable chickens he soon reduced to order, and kept in good discipline, teaching them very plainly the difference between meum and tuum, or mine and thine.

But there were a number of sparrows, who never seemed to see this question of dinner in the same light that he did.

They generally lived a little distance away, and often would come near, and look down on the trough when it was filled with the excellent food, and on the dog who was eating it; and they never could understand why they had not as good a right to eat it as he had.

Then they would fly out and about, and sometimes in a body, sometimes only one or two of them, would make a rush at the trough, and try to get their share of its contents; but Rover knew a trick worth two of that, and he would give such a growl when they did so, and the growl was followed up by such a sharp sudden snap in the air among them, that he never failed to scatter them all in a minute, and then to be able to thoroughly enjoy his dinner.

Once he actually caught in his mouth one of the toes of a sparrow that had been more daring or less active than the others, and though he only gave the toe a small squeeze and let it off with that, yet even a small squeeze from Rover's teeth was not an agreeable experience for a sparrow's toe, and while one sparrow was a little hurt, all of them were very much frightened; and for some time after that occurrence Rover ate his dinner in peace.

But the day came when, instead of being allowed to run about as usual, poor Rover was tied up in his kennel; and I will tell you why this was.

It was not in consequence of any fault of his, or as a punishment; but because Master Harry was ill, and nothing would keep Rover from going to the door of his bedroom and giving a little friendly bark, which meant, as plainly as bark could mean, "Do let me in," and then Master Harry would insist on Rover being let in, and if he were scolded he excused himself in trying to play with him; and if he were not, it made him so sorry that he could not help crying (he was ill, and that makes people less able to be sensible, and to restrain their tears, than when they are well and strong, you know); so Harry's papa said it was better Rover should be tied up out of the way till Harry was well again.

The first day this happened, Jem (that was James the yardman's little boy), was given Rover's dinner as usual to put in his trough, and as usual he did it—but he did not know that Rover was chained up in his kennel, which was not as usual—and so he never thought of getting the trough moved within his reach, but put the dinner down into the trough, which was just out of poor Rover's reach, and then ran away.

Rover tried hard to eat up his dinner at first, but when he found he could not he went fast asleep, which was, of all things considered, about as sensible a thing as he could do.

He slept, and he was wakened from his sleep, and the way in which he was awakened was by a noise of flapping wings and chattering beaks.

He opened his eyes, and he could hardly believe his senses when he did so, for what did he see but his old enemies, the sparrows—if any creatures could be called his enemies, whom till now he had been able to get rid of in a moment by a growl and a snap, and whom he had in consequence of this always regarded as beneath his notice—in triumphant possession of his dinner—his dinner.

Three of them were eating steadily and happily even as he looked.

One appeared to be keeping watch over the dinner, and three more, who probably had satisfied their hunger, while he was yet asleep, were perched on the side of the trough with their beaks to its contents, looking at, jeering and taunting him.

One sparrow, grown reckless with his impudence, too, actually hopped off the trough to flap his wings, and laugh and jeer a trifle nearer to the defeated prisoner, making a little run forward as he did so, and the next instant he found himself in Rover's mouth, and the next still in his mouth, while the dog had returned to his kennel.

For the moment Rover saw that the only creature had placed himself within his reach he made one bound at him, caught him, and with another bound was back again at home, bearing his captive with him.

And the sparrow knew that the dog was uncommonly hungry, for had not he and his relatives eaten up his dinner?

Off fled the rest of the birds in abject terror, leaving the unfortunate captive in the grip of the enemy.

Rover gave the sparrow a good shake with his teeth, which produced vertigo on the brain, and very nearly put an end to him at once; and I suppose the next thing that happened would have been that the hungry dog would have very contentedly made his dinner off the bird, only just then James the yardman appeared on the scene, and discovered that stupid little Jem had put the trough out of the dog's reach.

He had come to pay a special visit to the children's favorite, and had brought him the bones of a chicken, which Miss Julia had had for dinner; and she had left some dainty morsels on purpose for Rover, to whom she had sent it by James, with her love.

"Here Rover, Rover, poor fellow, good dog," cried James, approaching him with both trough and chicken, and by no means perceiving that Rover had a sparrow in his mouth.

Rover, sly fellow, put the sparrow, more dead than alive, at the back of the kennel, from which he advanced towards James, looking as mild and innocent as possible, and wagging his tail.

So he was petted, and petted, and fed, and he got his dinner, for James brought him more than was left in the trough, and gave him water besides, and made as much of him as a man could make of a dog, for Rover was a general favorite, both for his own sake and for that of his little master and mistress.

And then James went away, and Rover returned to his kennel and his prisoner.

The sparrow lay in a little ruffled heap just where Rover had flung him, among the straw at the back of the kennel, when he ran out, hearing James' welcome voice. And there Rover, as he was not at all hungry, having just had a remarkably good dinner, left him, curling himself up in front of him, and going quietly off into a land of nod.

When he awoke he had forgotten what had happened.

I mean that in the first moment of waking he did not recollect it, and he was quite startled at the miserable little object he beheld, as he happened to look round, standing behind him in the kennel.

Master Sparrow had recovered from his vertigo and his terror sufficiently to stand up, but his feathers were in a pitiable condition, quite torn about, one wing was hurt and hung at his side in a crooked manner, while he was so much frightened, and so ashamed of himself, that he hung his head in a crooked manner also, and hardly dared look out of his half-shut eyes at his captor.

When Rover saw him, and remembered who he was, and all about him, he could not help laughing.

This was a bit of fortune for the sparrow. Dogs do not laugh as often as you do, and a fit of laughter always put Rover into the best of good humors.

"I say," cried he to the sparrow, "it's about supper-time, is it not?"

At which terrible words the sparrow fell down as if fainting.

But Rover had not meant mischief.

He would have scorned to do such a shabby thing as to eat up this wretched, abject little creature, more particularly as he was not hungry. He was only laughing at the sparrow.

When his supper was brought to him he ate it cheerfully, and then he and the sparrow spent the night together in the kennel.

Towards morning, when twilight began, and Master Sparrow heard the birds singing in the trees, he essayed, but could not fly because of his wing being hurt, and he could not leave the kennel without walking his poor prostrate form.

Very softly and timidly, he hopped on to him, and in doing so awoke him, and as Rover awoke, seeing what was happening, he made a great snap at the bird, who fell back headlong, very much frightened, at which Rover had a good chuckle to himself.

"Keep your distance, young 'un," he said; and after the "young 'un" kept his distance by rolling himself up into a ball as much as ever he could, and trying to pretend that he was not there at all.

When James brought Rover his breakfast, and the dog had made a good meal, there was still some of the food left in the trough, and while he enjoyed his after-breakfast nap, the poor hungry sparrow ventured forth very slowly and stealthily, and then in an abject, humble, startled way began to pick a little out of the trough for himself.

Rover had been awoke by his movements, though he pretended to be asleep, and watched him out of one corner of his eye. As long as he was eating he did not disturb him, for he thought to himself, "Even a sparrow must eat;" but the minute he had what the dog considered enough, Rover with a sudden unexpected growl and snap, which again very greatly frightened him, drove him back to the kennel.

And this state of affairs continued for three days!

On the evening of the third day, Master Harry sat up to his tea in the nursery in his little dressing-gown, rather pale after his illness, but in excellent spirits.

Of course Rover was sent for, and there was no need to tell him what to do or where to go; it seemed almost as if with one bound he was at the door of the nursery, and with another in Harry's arms.

And as soon as he was gone the sparrow flew away.

But the most curious part of the story is that from that day forth the dog and the bird became the best of good friends.

The sparrow paid Rover frequent visits, and always received a kindly welcome.

Nay, Rover would allow him to perch on his trough, and eat out of it with him, though if any of the other sparrows attempted to take the same liberty he drove them off, as ever, with a growl and a snap.

Often and often, when Rover was curled up fast asleep, the sparrow would be seen sitting on him as comfortably as possible, and there was an understanding between them that both were quite content with the positions.

You can fancy how much amused Harry and Julia were, when they found out the friendship between Rover and the sparrow, though they neither of them knew in what enmity and trouble that friendship had first begun.

HER LESSON.

BY F. C. ATTER.

"LILY, this steak is splendid. Is the cook your own cook?" asked Allan Wheeler helping himself to a second slice.

"No, I don't trust her with boiling a steak yet," returned Mrs. Lily, as she poured him a second cup of fragrant coffee. "I cooked it myself, to have it nice."

"Well I must say it is a success, Lil. I believe you deserve a new bonnet for such a nice breakfast."

"Well, that's just what I want," confessed Lily laughing.

"Mine is actually too shabby for another Sunday's wear."

"Is it? Really, I thought that little concern you had on last night was uncommonly pretty and becoming."

"Oh Al, that was only my hat, and I altered it myself from a last winter's style."

"Ah, it's the 'style' of the thing, is it? Well, I suppose you women understand such trifles; I'm sure I don't. But I reckon I'll have to dance to the music, like a little man," taking out his pocket-book. "How much will it take?"

"One can't get a nice bonnet for less than ten or fifteen dollars."

"What! Why, I never give more than five for the finest kind of a hat!"

"Oh, but, Al, you know men's hats are so different, and require no trimming."

"Well, of course I want you to look as nice as any of them. But it strikes me a little body as pretty as my wife doesn't need much dressing up. There, I can spare just exactly that to-day."

"Thanks—for the money and the compliment too," said Lily, with a light laugh. "I'll make it do—the money, that is!"

"Guess it will have to. I really can't spare another quarter for a week or two, Lil, for anything. We've got to meet some heavy bills at the office, and we're in a tight place just now. Be as saving as you can."

"All right; I will."

Lily kissed her husband good-bye, and rang the hand-bell to summon her girl from the kitchen.

Just as he was going out Allan put his head back inside the door.

"I say, Lil, Mr. Elder gave me tickets for the matinee this afternoon. Would you like to go?"

"I should think I would.

"All right then. Two o'clock's the hour. Don't have dinner till about one, and I'll come up just in time. You be ready, and we'll have a late dinner and go down together."

"Very well."

And Allan took himself down to Linley and Wheeler's store, of which he was junior partner.

While Ann did the work downstairs, Lily tidied the upstairs rooms, and was just ready to dress for her shopping expedition when the door bell rang, and presently Ann came upstairs saying—

"Mrs. Wheeler, there's a young woman to see you in the sitting-room."

Slightly vexed at being hindered, Lily ran down.

Her caller was Miss Wilson, a young girl who sometimes sewed for her.

She had brought home a bundle of work, and Lily noticed as she took it and examined it that the girl looked pale and sad.

"I really ought to pay her, but I can't today. If I get my bonnet," she thought.

Aloud she asked:

"How much do I owe you?"

"Seven dollars altogether," answered the young seamstress.

"Well, I'm very sorry I haven't the money by me to spare to-day. If you will call again next next week I will have it and pay you."

"If you could spare only part—I need it very much," said the young girl faltering.

"Indeed I haven't a dollar to spare today, so it is impossible. I will pay it as soon as I can, I assure you, and give you more work," assured Lily.

"I am sorry," returned Miss Wilson.

But as she went out Lily noticed that she was very white, and her lips quivered.

She herself went upstairs very slowly to dress.

"I feel inclined to call her back and give it to her," she said thoughtfully. "I owe her the dollars anyhow. But then a cheap bonnet does look so shabby, and I can't go to the theatre if I don't get a new one. I haven't time to get it to wear. Oh, pshaw! I dare say she can wait as well as I could."

She hurried her dressing, and in a pretty stylish street suit was soon flitting about the milliner's shop, searching for a hat to suit her taste.

A lovely bonnet was found, and Lily bought it, though even as she paid the money she thought with a little sting of her conscience of the pale face of the young sewing girl whom she had not paid.

When Allan came home to dinner, Lily put the new bonnet on, and he pronounced it bewitching.

She had purchased gloves to match while uptown, and when she was dressed for the matinee, Allan declared he didn't believe there could be anything prettier in the house than his Lily.

The play was magnificent, and Lily enjoyed it greatly.

When they came once more out of the gas-lit opera-house into the open air, the short winter afternoon was drawing near to its close.

They stepped into an omnibus to ride home.

The omnibus was crowded, and they did not notice who was near until, as it stopped at a corner to let out a party of four, a young girl in the end next the driver rose, and Lily saw it was a friend of her own, Miss Seldon, and the two greeted each other cordially.

"Carrie has to walk a square alone," she said to her husband; "it is only a few steps out of our way—let's get out and walk down with her."

"Of course, I never refuse to walk with a good-looking young lady," averred Allan, laughingly.

They got out, intending to walk home with Miss Seldon, and stepped upon the pavement, just as a group gathered about some object lying upon the street fronting a brilliantly-lighted shop.

"Why, it's a woman!" cried Mr. Wheeler. "What's the matter, I wonder?"

They stopped, impelled by curiosity, and looked at the fallen form.

"It's a lady, sir, as is fainted," explained a policeman, raising the slender figure up. "Sick or something, I reckon. Such things happen every day."

"Oh, my gracious, it's Mary Wilson!" cried Lily, as soon as she caught sight of the girl's face.

"The girl who sews for you?" asked Allan.

"Yes. Have her taken in here, Al, and call a carriage, and let us take her home," exhorted Lily, who had a kind heart when it was really reached.

The young girl laid on a sofa in the druggist's shop, soon revived, and opened her eyes with a look of wonder, but seemed to know none of them.

"It's a case of starvation in my opinion," announced the druggist, who had given her some wine to revive her. "She looks like one who has dropped from exhaustion."

"Do you know her?" asked Lily.

"Only that she is a sewing girl. I often see her pass with a bundle of work. No doubt the poor thing is half starved, and half paid for what she does do."

Lily turned sick, remembering what she had done that morning.

But she spoke kindly to the poor girl, and when it was evident she could not walk home again ordered Allan to take Carrie Seldon to her door and bring a carriage, for she knew where to take Miss Wilson.

He did so as soon as he could, and Lily held the poor girl in her arms while they rode to the house where she had a room.

They got her upstairs, with the help of the kind-hearted landlady, and laid her upon her bed.

Lily opened the little cupboard to find something to give her; it was absolutely empty of food, and remembering what the druggist had said, Lily burst into tears.

"Oh Al, have you got my money about you?"

"Of course I have some," he answered. "What shall I get? What has she in there?"

"Not a thing, Al. And I owe her her seven dollars."

"You, Lily—you owe that girl?" he demanded, in surprise.

"Yes. She called this morning at our house, and I—I didn't pay her," sobbed Lily, in remorse and grief.

Allan drew a step nearer, and said—

"Lily, did you spend all that money for a bonnet, and yet owe that poor girl nearly half of it."

"Yes I did," confessed Lily, "and if she dies, I shall feel as if I had killed her. Don't scold me, Allan, but let us try to help her now. I didn't dream she was so needy as this."

Seeing her distress, Allan did forbear just then, and they both set to work to do something for the sick girl.

But it was too late.

She had, they afterwards learned, not tasted food all day.

Too proud to beg, even of her landlady, who would have helped her, had she known the girl was without food or money she had worked all day in search of more work, and dropped exhausted at last.

Insidious fever having for a long time had prepared the way for this breakdown, and the next day poor Mary Wilson was delirious with fever.

Like a sister Lily now tended and surrounded her with comforts, but she only lingered a week or so, and then died.

The doctor said she was too near broken down to have stood it many days in any case, but Lily always felt that if she had paid those seven dollars poor Mary's life might have been saved.

It was a lesson she never forgot.

She could not bear ever to wear the new bonnet again.

She sold it to Ann for less than half its cost, and a much cheaper one adorned her pretty head for the rest of the winter.

Never again did she neglect a small debt owed to a poor person, but made a point of conscience to see that their claims came first of all.

Grains of Gold.

Let the suspecting always be suspected.

The wrongs we inflict on others follow us like our shadow.

There is as much policy in politeness as there is in honesty.

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

He who can suppress a moment's anger may suppress a day of sorrow.

Those who trample on the helpless are liable to cringe to the powerful.

Piety is a good thing to have, but Christian charity is very much better.

Never excuse a wrong action by saying some one else does the same thing.

You can say very little to some people without hitting the warts on their disposition.

People take more trouble to purchase perdition than it would take them to get salvation.

It is to be doubted whether he will ever find the way to heaven who desires to go thither alone.

It is not those who talk about goodness, but those who are good, that are really the light of the world.

What we are merely taught seldom nourishes the mind like that which we teach ourselves.

The most miserable pettifogging in the world is that of a man in the court of his own conscience.

With the heart it is not as with the pocket—it becomes bankrupt through too much laying up.

Some folks are so self-conceited that the very expression of their face sits upon them like a benediction.

Many have tried to be great men, and failed; but nobody ever sincerely tried to be a good man and utterly failed.

We should always lend our sympathies to our enemies in misfortune—which we generally do, and are glad of the chance.

He that doth not know those things which are of use for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

If we cultivate home friendships with the assiduity that we give to those outside, they will yield us even richer and fairer returns.

The more methods there are in a state for acquiring riches without industry or merit, the less there will be of either in that state.

Bad habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a sea from which will come forth a crop of rank weeds.

To think properly one must think independently, candidly, and consecutively; only in this way can a train of reasoning be conducted successfully.

Obstinacy and intolerance are the surest proofs of ignorance. A man's horizon is generally measured by his knowledge, and by his capacity of knowing.

There never did, and never will, exist anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which is a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.

Be sure you know what you are talking about before you speak. Never betray your ignorance by trying to converse on a subject you know nothing about.

A holy life spent in the service of God, and in communion with Him is, without doubt, the most pleasant and comfortable life that any man can live in this world.

The man who revenges every wrong that is done him, has no time for anything else. If you make your life a success, you can afford to let the dogs bark as you go by.

The storehouse must be filled, and the mind well familiarized with what is in it, while yet the days are bright, else it will never be able to find what it wants in the dark.

The difference between an agreeable conversationalist and a bore is this: The latter likes to have somebody to talk to, while the former prefers to have somebody to talk with.

Temptation is a fearful word. It indicates the beginning of a possible series of infinite evils. It is the ringing of an alarm bell whose melancholy sounds may reverberate through eternity.

A vigorous health and its accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatever; the teaching how to maintain them is a teaching that yields to no other whatever.

Some persons think they must have something to say on every occasion; they are forever giving their advice, their opinion, or their experience. Very little do they know what they are talking about.

Deceit is a prevalent vice, and it will often grieve you; but it is vastly better to mourn over disappointment than to allow indiscriminate distrust to make you generally miserable with yourself and all about you.

Avoid the habit of incessant badinage in your talk. It is disgusting and repellent to encounter a person who never seems to be in earnest about anything, treating the gravest matters with ridicule and scorn, and whose softest speech corrodes like oil of vitriol. There is nothing more despicable than the man who despises everybody else.

Because the value of self-restraint is so manifest in many directions, the mistake is often made of supposing it to be equally valuable in all. Thus it happens that enthusiasm is checked that ought to be welcomed, feelings are kept back that should be expressed, desires are subdued that need to be gratified, and sympathies quenched that might have blessed the community.

Femininities.

A San Antonio, Tex., woman has 40,000 silk worms at work.

The London season, so called, begins the first week in May, and terminates the third week in July.

All kinds of sleeves are admissible for ladies' dresses, but the coat-sleeve around the waist remains the favorite.

A Brooklyn girl never begins to look upon herself as an old maid until she has reached thirty-two years of age.

A mercenary woman measures her sweetheart's love not so much by the sighs of his heart as by the size of his bank account.

It is asserted that feminine wrinkles about the eye will temporarily disappear after a night's application of dampened plaster of Paris.

An editor has offered $3.00 for the best-written love-letter. There are some people who would give more than that to get back some they have written.

A San Francisco man has been arrested for deceiving a widow. While his crime is to be abhorred, it must be admitted that his genius commands admiration.

What this age has thus far signally failed to produce is a nice-fitting, easy-feeling, sleep-producing car-pad, to be worn by married men who are given to late hours.

"There's some consolation about it, anyway," said aunt Tabitha to the cook in the kitchen. "If we haven't got victuals enough, we at least have more visitors than we want."

At a fashionably wedding in New York the other evening, eight bridemaids carried baskets of rosebuds, each having a different variety of roses. What a budding cluster of maidens!

A witty lady, who is, however, somewhat given to exaggeration, was trying to tell a friend what a poor appetite she had, and said, "I eat very little; a flea would be a barbecue for me."

Whenever you see a woman with a great deal of Italian sunset in her hair, and considerable aurora borealis in her cheeks and nose, you will experience less stormy weather if you let her alone.

A man does his courting in private and seclusion. John Henry, as a boy, goes behind the woodshed to suck his orange—not because he is ashamed of it, but because he wants it all to himself.

"No," said he, as they congratulated him on his engagement, "I'm not so particularly charmed with the girl, but I expect to be very happy. Her mother is one of the best-tempered women I know of."

A young lady of sixteen lay in a trance for five weeks, but a physician succeeded in proving that she knew what was going on around her: He said, "She is a pretty girl;" and a significant blush overspread her face.

In the case of a woman who cut her throat at a hydropathic institution in Yorkshire, England, a doctor gave a certificate that she died from irritation of the throat. When the facts leaked out, quite a stir was made.

A bold, bad man recently broke up a church sociable, at which conundrums were being given, by inquiring why women were like flowers, and then, after everybody had given it up, replying that they shut up when they sleep.

"You see, my dear madam," said a young lady to the clergyman's wife, who wanted her to help make up garments for the poor; "you see, I haven't a bit of time; it's going to take me over a month to embroider this blanket for Gyp." Gyp was her poodle.

Miss Brown, who is no longer young, was chiding Miss Moire for her foolishness in carrying a parasol, which Miss Brown said was useless and a piece of affectation. "I never carry a parasol," she said. "No," replied Miss Moire, "people on the shady side of life have no use for them."

The well-bred hostess puts her guests at ease by being at ease herself. She gives them the best she has without fuss or flurry, always bearing in mind that the best thing she can offer them is herself, unfretted by cares, unwearied by labor, and fresh and free for social chat, sympathy, or counsel.

The barmaids of London held a meeting a few days ago to protest against their long hours of service and the hard work that is imposed upon them. The girls do not ask any increase in wages, and are not in favor of the "early closing" movement, but they wish their employers to hire another relay of maids.

"In olden times," says a Boston journal, "it was the custom when a youth and maiden crossed a bridge for the gallant to take toll in the shape of a kiss, and somehow those were the times when a brook not over two feet wide was promptly bridged, and the roads so laid out as to cross water-courses very often."

The Warren *Mail* suggests that slates be hung in the vestibules of the churches in Iowa to enable the young ladies to register their names on entering for the evening services. If this plan is adopted, the young men won't have to wait outside until church is out, to see if their respective charmers are present.

Cooler and cloudier—"There is no use in talking," said a New Haven woman. "Every time I move I vow I'll never move again; but such neighbors as I get in with! Seem's though they grew worse and worse." "Indeed!" replied a friend. "Perhaps you take the worst neighbor with you when you move."

Some folks can't be made happy. The lady we refer to cried out from her seat in the coach, "How thirsty I am!" until the exasperated passengers stopped at a well and gave her her fill. Was she satisfied? Not at all, but teased their lives out during the rest of the journey by continually crying, "O, how thirsty I was!"

A society drama was presented at the theatre at Salt Lake City recently, but when in the third act the husband began to rave and tear around because his wife had run off with another man, the audience with one accord arose from their seats and exclaimed: "The idea of making all that fuss about one woman!" and left the place in disgust.

News Notes.

The Bible has been translated into 32 African languages.

A Georgia man has papered his house with Confederate bonds.

Jesse James and Guiteau despised small vices. They never smoked.

They have found fine-tooth combs at Pompeii exactly like those of our day.

The U. S. Senate adjourned lately to attend Barnum's circus, and see Jumbo.

White flannel dresses will be popular with young ladies in the country this summer.

The Church of England has 907 churches in London, 478 of which have surpliced choirs.

A $25,000 piano of unparalleled splendor was the Prince of Wales', wedding-present to Leopold.

It is said the Boston *Globe* paid Dr. O. W. Holmes eight dollars a line for his poem on Garfield's death.

A Washington paper says that much beer is now salted, so as to make customers more thirsty.

Mrs. Scoville has received a handsome offer for lecturing through the country, and has decided to accept it.

It is expected that a million of immigrants will arrive in the United States from Europe the present year.

In New York bridemaids wear white straw Rembrandt hats, with white plumes falling over the front of the brim.

The total losses by fire in the United States last year aggregate $81,230,000, of which the insurance companies paid $44,041,900.

A Kentucky railroad has been fined $1,000 for not putting a colored woman, with a first-class ticket, into a smoking-car.

A colored woman in Columbus, Ga., pierced her hand with a catfish fin, and died a few days later from blood-poisoning.

Locust eggs in Cyprus sell at $65 a ton, which is paid by the government, in order to reduce the ravages of these hungry insects.

The importation of eggs into Great Britain last year was 730,000,000, or about two dozen for each man, woman and child in the country.

British coins have heretofore borne the profile of the Queen as she appeared in 1860; they are hereafter to represent her present aspect.

A Chicago reporter has got after three citizens of that town who are "degraded and blistered scabs on the wart-polluted branches of life."

There is a dangerous counterfeit of the silver dollar of 1873, of exact weight, which resists the action of acids until the surface is scratched.

The Czar of Russia has caught the civil service craze. He has ordered that his army officers shall not deliver political speeches or express political opinions.

The Rev. E. Gerry, of West Randolph, Vt., walks fourteen miles every Sunday to the place where he preaches, and returns home on foot the same day.

A pasture in Texas is described as containing 16,000 acres, and requiring to enclose it sixteen miles of fence, which is all built of rock four and a half feet thick.

Saw-mills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century, but saws were ground out long before the beginning of the Christian era, even before the days of Confucius.

The families of two men lynched for cattle-stealing at Pueblo, Col., have sued the county for $60,000, on the ground that the men were not properly protected by the officers.

An army of blackbirds completely destroyed a twenty-acre field of corn at Sumpter, Ga., a few days ago, taking only one afternoon to complete their work of destruction.

One of the most successful hunters and trappers of Maine has the use of but one arm. With that he can bring down a fox at longer range than almost any other man in the State.

A Montreal baker, whose bread was confiscated on the alleged ground of short weight, has sued the city for damages, the corporation scales having since been found to be incorrect.

Senator Hill, of Georgia, has passed through several surgical operations of late, for cancer. One-third of his tongue has been taken out, the entire left floor of his mouth, and the glands in the left side of his neck.

Chicago has had a box-nailing contest. The feat was to make thirty boxes, each two feet long, a foot wide, and a foot high, and fastened by 27 nails, the boards being previously sawed. The winner's time was 30 minutes.

A bride at Bay City, Mich., recently made a new departure. At her wedding she would submit to kisses only on condition that they were paid for at $1 each. They sold readily at that price, and $135 was raised for a charity.

An advertised feature of a St. Louis charity fair will be the beauty of the women present. Complimentary tickets have been sent to some official in every town within five hundred miles, with a request that they be given to the prettiest girls he knows.

A new amusement in Indiana is egg jumping. The act of jumping causes the involuntary closing of the hands in a tight grip; and in the contest of egg jumping, whoever jumps farthest without breaking the egg that he holds in either hand takes the prize.

Can't Get It.

Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Kidney, Urinary or Liver Complaints cannot be contracted by you or your family if Hop Bitters are used; and if you already have any of those diseases, Hop Bitters is the only medicine that will positively cure you. Don't forget this, and don't get some puffed-up stuff that will only harm you.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Slumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness of Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True,"
"Radway on Irritable Urethra,"
"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

THE MILD POWER CURES

HUMPHREYS HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

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KEYSTONE State and Soapstone Works.

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Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate and Soapstone Work on hand or made to order.

JOSEPH S. MILLER, Manufacturer.

Office and Salesroom, 1720 Ridge Avenue.

Factory, 1211 & 1213 Spring Garden St., Philada.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List.

CURIOUS LETTERS.

VERY curious specimens of the epistolary art are daily consigned to the editorial basket; now and again one escapes print. An unflattering notice of a musical performance in a London paper elicited a long letter from the offended violinist, in which he asserted that the critic was not present at the entertainment, and announced his desire to have it generally known "that I look upon all critics who praise me, as men of intelligence, and worthy of the greatest respect; and I look upon those rare ones who dispraise me as having a screw loose in their cerebral development. In conclusion, I consider that if the person who wrote the notice was present at the performance, he is only worthy to be an inmate of a home for idiots; and if he was not present, he is a mean unmanly cur, and should get seven years' hard labor. However, I have not the least doubt but that I will be gaining the applause of admiring thousands when the poor fellow is getting worm-eaten in an unknown and contemptible grave.

Yours obliged,

PAGANINI REDIVIVUS."

A thief thus wrote to an editor of a paper:

"SIR—Please advise your readers always to leave their names and addresses in their pocket-books. It frequently happens in our business that we come into possession of portemonnaies containing private papers and photographs, which we would gladly return; but we have no means of doing so. It is dangerous to carry them about, so we are forced to destroy them. I remember an instance when I met with serious trouble because I could not make up my mind to destroy a picture of a baby, which I had found in a pocket-book of a gentleman, which came into my hands in the way of business. I had lost a baby myself the year before, of the same age as this one, and would have given all I had for such a picture. There was no name in the pocket-book, and no way of finding out who was the owner; so, like a fool, I advertised it, and got shadowed by the police. Tell your readers to give us a fair show to be decent, and always leave their addresses in their pocket-books. We want to live and let live.

Yours truly,

A PICKPOCKET."

There was some reason in the light-fingered one's request, which is more than can be said of the autograph-hunter begging a well-known journalist's autograph for his album, with:

"If you think the request unwarranted on my part, pray pardon me; but at the same time, send the refusal in your own handwriting, and with your own signature, that I may know the refusal is authentic."

Ladies looking for sons-in-laws, rarely make their approaches so openly as the Canadian dame who wrote to a newly settled eligible:

"DEAR MR. BLANK, I, Mrs. Wigton, wish you would call on my daughter Amelia; she is very amusing, and is a regular young flirt. She can sing like a humming bird; and her papa can play on the fiddle nicely! and we might have a rare old ho-down, and then we will have an oister supper. Amelia is highely educated; she can dance like a grasshopper looking for grubs, and she can make beautiful bread; it just tastes like hunny bees' bread; and for punkin pies she can't be beat. In fact, she is head of all girls, and will make a good wife for any man.

Your truly,

MRS. WIGTON."

In cases where it is quite unnecessary that mothers should trouble themselves in urging things forward, the expression of devotion and undying love is not unfrequently half-comic in its exaggeration. Here is the outburst of a Californian lover.

"If," wrote the latter to the subject of his affections—"If one atom of the deep, deep love I feel for you is scattered throughout the world, I could stake my life it will fill, if allowed to do so, the entire human race, and thence will derive the word commonly used as love. Good bye, my dearest dear. Yours till death, and beyond it and eternity." By-and-by he was sued for breach of promise; and asked what he meant by such language, replied: "Oh, I couldn't reasonably be expected to explain such stuff."

An Englishman of note wrote to a Mohammedan official for some statistics of the city in which he lived, and was thus politely rebuked for his inquisitiveness:

"MY ILLUSTRIOUS FRIEND AND JOY OF MY LIVER—The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses, nor have I inquired into the number of inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules, and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, this is no business of mine. But above all, as to the previous history of this city, heaven only know the amount of dirt and confusion that the Infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it. O my soul! O my lamb! seek after things which concern thee not. Thou comest unto us, and welcome thee; go in peace!"

HOSPITALITY.—Hospitality rarely prevails in spotless line-and-lettered houses. Company disarrange the books and disorder the house, which had work enough in it before. The mother cannot throw off her household cares and sit down for a real heart-to-heart converse with the old friend of her childhood. Still less can she enter into the joys and pleasures right and delightful to her own children, because of the extra work of cleaning away it will be likely to make.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

Webberville, Tex., April 25, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please one and all. The POST is a splendid paper, and more than worth subscription price alone.

M. THOMAS.

Louisville, Ky., April 24, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours discounts them all. Will send some subscriptions.

MRS. C. E. BOSWELL.

Boston, Mass., April 25, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest premium that I have ever seen given away by anybody.

E. F. RADCLIFFE.

Alexandria, Minn., April 28, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them eulogize it. It exceeds any and all premiums ever received with the POST, or any other paper I have ever seen.

H. C. HAUPT.

Oakland, Ky., April 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they think it is the prettiest thing they ever saw. Will send you some subscribers soon.

D. BAULNOIS.

Swede Point, Iowa, April 22, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations. It certainly ought to run your subscription list as high as you want it.

B. BISLAND.

Celina, O., April 28, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it, and will see what I can do for you in the way of subscriptions.

M. L. DAVIS.

Housatonic, Mass., April 25, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I wish you to accept my thanks.

L. ADRIANNE.

Oswego, N. Y., April 24, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw. Really, I cannot understand how you can afford to give away such an elegant picture. Look for several subscriptions from me.

N. SIVENS.

Hamilton, Ill., April 25, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. I will show it to my friends, and try to get you some more subscribers. The picture is beautiful, indeed.

MRS. E. AGNEW.

Cincinnati, O., April 21, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful—really magnificent. You may accept my sincere thanks, and look for some subscribers from me. Accept my thanks.

M. NEAVE.

Denton, Mich., April 25, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium ever given away by any publication.

L. GORHAM.

Morris, Minn., April 24, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb, and signify their intention of subscribing at once.

M. J. CRANDELL.

Cedarville, O., April 26, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and shall get you some subscribers.

WM. EWRY.

Charlotte, N. C., April 23, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

M. I. SCHIFF.

Martinez, Cal., April 21, 82,

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers for me in a few days, as I don't think it's the proper think to accept such an elegant premium without showing appreciation of it in some way.

M. H. WIRSTON.

Cecilville, Cal., April 22, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you any quantity of subscribers.

M. C. BROWN.

Marbledale, Conn., April 25, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful.

L. E. PIERCE.

THE NEW BARBARA.

It vas droo der streeds of Fredericksdown
De red hot sun he vas shine him down.

Bast dor saloons all fit mit beer,
Der rebel vellers valked on der car.

All day droo Fredericksdown so fast,
Horses, und guns, und sogers bast.

Der rebel flag he shone him oud so bridt,
As if, by Jinks! he got some ridt.

Ver vas de Union flag? Der sun
He took him down not on a von.

Up jumped dot old Miss Frietchie den,
So old by nine score years und ten.

She grabbed up der old flag de men haul down,
Und fastend it guick by her nidtgown.

Den she sot by de vinder ver all could see,
Dere vas vone dot lofe dot flag so free.

Putty soon coom ridin' up old Stonewall Jack,
Sittin' from der middle of his horse's back.

Under his brow him squints his eyes,
Dot flag! Dot made him great surprise.

Halt! each veller, make him shtill!
Fire! vas echoed from hill to hill.

It busted de shtrings from dot nidtgown,
But Barbara Frietchie, she was around.

She grabbed der flag agin' so guick,
Und oud of de vinder her arms did edick.

"Obuse, if you vould dis old bait head,
But leave alone dot flag!" she said.

So soon, so guick as Jack could do,
He holler out mit a face so blue:

"Who pulls a hair out of dot bald head,
Dies awful guick! Go shoot!" he said.

Und all dot day, und all dot nite,
Till effery rebel vas out of site,

Und leave behind him dot Fredericksdown,
Dot flag he vas shtickin' by dot nidtgown.

Dame Barbara Frietschie's vork is done,
She don't forever got some fun.

Bully for her! und drop a tear,
For dot old voman's mitout some fear.

—NOT BY WHITTIER.

Humorous.

Char-i-table people—Dealers in furniture.

Greatly to his credit—A "fat" bank book.

Of interest to mothers—A switch in time saves nine.

"Let's strip the light fantastic toe," as the chiropodist said to his corned patient.

It is easy enough to have a temper of one's own: the great thing is to keep it.

"Julius seize her!" exclaimed Sambo, as he saw Julius reach for another chicken.

The porters who handle kegs of silver in the Treasury Department are rolling in wealth.

Food for reflection—eating a big supper and going to bed to lie awake and think about it.

"I didn't think you would be so hard with me," as the shark said when he bit the anchor.

The life of a locomotive is only thirty years. This is another warning to inveterate smokers.

The first brigade of Illinois militia is without a general. This accounts for the sassy attitude of Europe.

The man who leaves dirty water in a wash basin gets a much shorter pair of wings than any of the other angels.

Why is a comet more like a dog than the Dog-star? Because the comet has got a tail, and the Dog-star hasn't.

A young man on the way to see a girl, said he couldn't stop to talk with a friend, as he had a pressing engagement.

What is the difference between the sun and a bootblack? The sun shines for nothing, but the bootblack charges five cents.

Niagara Falls buried a hackman recently worth $20,000. Glory! let the good work go on; the more Niagara hackmen buried the better.

Second thoughts are sometimes best, which is a reason why a man who attempts to commit suicide by drowning should be able to swim.

"Amateur Gardner" wants to know the easiest way to make a hot house. Leave a box of parlor matches where the baby can play with them.

Doctors tell us we should not work after eating, nor eat after working. What is one to do—give up eating, or working? One must eat, you know.

Bliffkins always takes a bottle along when he goes a-fishing, and every time he catches a fish he takes a drink, for luck, and also every time that he doesn't.

Jones, getting up from his dinner, in a quiet way remarked to his landlady that he had found everything on the table cold with the exception of the tea.

A bully, having come into violent contact with the shut digits of a good-sized gentleman, muttered, as he picked himself up, "I hate those close-fisted fellows."

A miser, wanting a dog to guard his property, selected a bob-tailed one, his theory being that the exertion of wagging a long tail would increase the animal's appetite.

Which is the most delicate of the senses? The touch. Prove it. When you sit on a tack. You don't hear it; you can't see it; you can't taste it; you can't smell it; but it's there.

"Why don't I go to work? Would you have me imperil my life, sir? No, sir; you can't have seen the statistics." (Reads:) "It is estimated that 100,000 persons are annually killed in England from causes directly resulting from industrial occupations."

An agricultural writer says: "Do not throw away old scraps. For pigs and chickens throw old meat, vegetables, gravy, rinds and dishwater into a pot, and give it to them hot." This writer must have had a clam chowder on the seashore.

A young curate having preached before his vicar for the first time, asked that worthy at the close of the service which passage in his sermon he thought the best, to which the vicar made reply. "Your passage from the vestry to the pulpit was very fine; but commend me to that from the pulpit to the pulpit for downright, heart-relieving effect."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

To get the best Cod Liver Oil in the world ask your druggist for **Baker's.** If not kept by him, it will pay to send direct for it. Prices and valuable information mailed on request. John C. Baker & Co., 813 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver, 813 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Bartlett's PILE SUPPOSITORIES RAPID RELIEF CERTAIN CURE.

(From the *Home Journal.*)

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY,

A REAL SKIN CURE.

THERE IS ONLY ONE

AND THAT WITH SIMPLE NAME.

Beware of impostors, pirates, or any old articles which now suddenly claim to be best. They have been tried and found wanting, while this has been proved a remarkable success.

NO POMPOUS NAME.

This curative needs no pompous or incomprehensible title of Greek or Latin to sustain it, but its simple English name appeals directly to the common sense of the people. And the people are signally manifesting their appreciation of this frankness by selecting and using Dr. Benson's SKIN CURE in preference to all other professed remedies.

Dr. C. W. Benson has long been well known as a successful physician and surgeon, and his life study has been the diseases of the nervous system and of the skin; since he has been persuaded to put his New Remedy and Favorite Prescription as a "Skin Cure" on the market, various things have sprung up into existence, or have woke up from the sleepy state in which they were before, and now claim to be *The Great Skin Cure.*

☞Beware of imitations, or the various articles which have been advertised for years or struggled along, having no real hold or merit on the public, that now endeavor to keep head above water by advertising themselves as "The Great Skin Cure." None is genuine and reliable except Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure. Each package and bottle bears his likeness. Internal and external remedy, two bottles in one package. Price $1.00, get at your druggist's.

RELIEF for all OVERWORKED BRAINS.

CAUSE AND CURE.

Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills are valuable for school children who suffer from nervous headaches caused by an overworked brain in their studies, and for all classes of hard brain workers whose overtasked nervous centers need repair and sedation. Nervous tremor, weakness, and paralysis are being daily cured by these pills. They correct costiveness, but are not purgative. Price, 50 cents, or six boxes for, $2.50, postage free, to any address. For sale by all druggists. Depot, Baltimore, Md., where the Doctor can be addressed. Letters of inquiry freely answered.

C. N. CRITTENTON, New York, is Wholesale Agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies.

DRY GOODS

BY MAIL!

OVER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION IN STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c.

Correspondence solicited.

Samples and information free.

"SHOPPING GUIDE" mailed free on application.

COOPER & CONARD,

Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

Facetiæ.

"No," said the Cincinnati man, "I can't become a Christian. I can't bear to give up reading the local papers."

It is the little things that fret and worry us. A three-year-old boy may keep a man in perfect misery, whereas no such trials would accompany the presence of his eighteen-year-old sister.

Answer This!

Can you find a case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Urinary or Liver Complaints that is curable, that Hop Bitters has not or cannot cure? Ask your neighbors if they can.

English doctors say plants in sleeping-rooms are unhealthy. French doctors say they produce sweet slumbers. American doctors don't say anything about it, but charge it in the bill.

The crew of the British bark Alexander ran short of provisions, and lived on half a glass of water each daily for a number of days. We've known plenty of men to live on less water daily than that.

Nine American colleges have adopted the Oxford cap. This is well. Heretofore the only thing that distinguished a college student from other people has been the bad spelling in his letters home asking for money to "buy books."

There are fierce brain storms that shatter a man's organization, his nerves shriek for relief, and neuralgia banishes rest. At such a time, if the miserable sufferer would use Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills, he would find perfect relief.

When reprimanded by his employer for absenting himself from the office for two entire days, Fogg very calmly replied that he believed in the office seeking the man, and not the man seeking the office.

The following notice is to be put upon the beach at Newport the ensuing season: In cases of ladies in danger of drowning, they should be seized by the clothing, and not by the hair, which generally comes off.

DON'T DIE in the house. Ask Druggists for "Rough on Rats, mice, weasels, 15c."

A newspaper under the vest makes a capital chest-protector. Care should be taken, however, to select a paper on which there is nothing due. Dew creates a dampness, and the wearer might catch a cold therefrom.

If the astronomers would only make February three months long, and thus have May the first Spring month, there would be a good deal less growling in this latitude. The climate is all right. The trouble is with the almanac.

STINGING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1. per bottle.

There must have been fearful aberrations in the conduct of the universe in the long ages before Chicago was thought of. One of its papers, in speaking of the vernal equinox, says that the sun will cross the line at 11h. 4m. A. M., Chicago time—as if the solar system was run upon Chicago time.

There is nothing in this wide world that makes a young man crazier than, after arriving at a party with a young lady whom he has got there at considerable expense, to have some old bald-headed individual get her off into a corner and talk to her all the evening on the peculiarities of the Gulf Stream.

NERVOUS DEBILITY and weakness, "Wells' Health Renewer" is greatest remedy. Druggists, $1.

A man who detected a piece of bark in their sausage, visited the butcher's shop to know what had become of the rest of the dog. The butcher was so affected that he could give him only a part of the tale.

An Irishman lately landed was hunting for two of his brothers, whom he had not heard from since they had left the old country. One day he stood in front of a large boiler on which was painted, "Patented, 1870." On reading this he exclaimed: "An' sure I've found thim at last—'Pat an' Ted, 1870.' That's the very year they kem out; they're both boiler-makers, too."

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

WANAMAKER AND BROWN

Clothing

6th & Market Sts

OAK HALL

PHILADELPHIA.

SAMPLES SENT BY MAIL WHEN WRITTEN FOR

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. THEO. J. MARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

DR. SHERMAN.

Medical Review of His System of Treating Rupture.

ART TRIUMPHANT—NO MORE USE FOR THE SURGEON'S KNIFE.

(Extract from the Medical and Scientific Reviewer.)

The annals of surgical and therapeutic discovery are replete with illustrations of the patient zeal and industry practiced by advanced thinkers of the professions, many of whose experiments have brought forth the richest rewards to themselves and inestimable blessings to the suffering. Among the most painful and dangerous afflictions, as well, also, as one of the most obstinate to which mankind is subject, is hernia. For many years Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, of New York, appreciating the doubtful character of the treatment administered by all schools of surgery and physic, made a special study of rupture, with a view of relieving the unfortunate suffering from that dreadful affliction.

The method practiced by Dr. SHERMAN consists, first, in discarding the old trusses, of whatever patent or kind. He rightfully maintains that these are but instruments of torture, and, instead of relieving, only serve to aggravate and increase the rupture by pressing so as to enlarge the orifice and inflame the parts, thereby increasing the danger of strangulation. The next step in Dr. SHERMAN'S treatment consists in the adaptation of his appliance, which is specially fitted to the patient in such a manner that the hernia is reduced by a gentle pressure and then held in place, while the exudation of lymph, Nature's curative in the human system for all infractions, is excited by the application on the surface of a compound discovered and prepared by the doctor.

This treatment, so logical and simple, releases the patient from all pain, and produces an invariable cure without interfering with his customary duties.

The claim here made by Dr. SHERMAN'S unexampled success in the treatment of

RUPTURE

finds demonstration in the thousands of unsolicited testimonials and letters of grateful thanks which have appeared in medical journals, crediting the doctor with cures so remarkable as to excite the wonder, not only of patients, but of the profession as well. His discovery must, therefore, take rank with the most valuable conclusions and results reached by therapeutic research, and place him upon a plane of general recognition as a benefactor of the race.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN,

and the only Dr. SHERMAN known to the public in connection with the treatment and cure of rupture, has now been favorably known for over thirty years as the only successful practitioner in his specialty in this country, as thousands of grateful men and women all over the land, who have been permanently cured by his treatment, bear witness. The skeptical who have been victimized by unprincipled quacks are cheerfully referred to prominent men in this and other cities who have availed themselves of the doctor's treatment.

Book, with likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, is mailed to those who send 10 cents.

Consultation days at principal office, 251 Broadway, New York, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays of each week. Branch offices, 302 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., and 42 Milk street, Boston, Mass. Days of consultation at branch offices will be given on application to principal office.

BEATTY'S CABINET OR PARLOR ORGANS

Beatty's BEETHOVEN Organ contains 10 full sets Golden Tongue Reeds, 27 STOPS, Walnut or Ebonized Case, 5 Octaves, Metal Foot Pistons, Upright Bellows, Bent Shades, Lamp Stands, Pocket for music, Handles and Rollers for moving, Beatty's Patent Stop Action, a NEW AND NOVEL KEYBOARD (patented) will give as much music as 14 COMMON ORGANS. No other maker dare build this organ (it is patented) ENORMOUS SUCCESS. Sales over 300 a month, demand increasing. ☞ Factory working DAY and by 320 Edison's Electric Lights at NIGHT to fill orders.

☞ Price, Boxed, Delivered on board Cars here, Stool, Book, &c., only $90

If after one year's use you are not satisfied return Organ, will promptly refund money with interest.

COME AND EXAMINE THE INSTRUMENT

In person. Five Dollars ($5) allowed to pay expenses if you buy; come anyway, you are welcome. Free Coach with polite attendants meets all trains. Other Organs $50, $60, $80 up. Pianofortes $175 to $1000.

☞ Beautiful Illustrated Catalogue free.

Please Address or call upon

DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey

Warner Brothers

CORALINE CORSETS.

The great superiority of Coraline over horn or whalebone has induced me to use it in all our leading Corsets.

$10 REWARD

will be paid for any Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. Price by mail, W. B. (coutil), $2.50; Abdominal, $2; Health or Nursing, $1.50; Coraline or Flexible Hip $1.25; Misses', $1.00.

For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations boned with cord.

WARNER BROS., 372 Broadway, N. Y.

40 Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

A STARTLING SENSATION!

Nature's Last Secret!

Another Revolution!

Of interest to every reader of this paper, who appreciates merit, beauty and sterling value.

In all ages diamonds have been esteemed the most precious among precious stones. Modern invention, however, has just produced an imitation so marvelously perfect that expert jewelers fail to detect the difference. Why pay a fabulous price for a diamond when a perfect substitute can be had for nothing? The new diamonds are worn universally in Europe, and their reputation is being rapidly established here.

The imitations are called Diamante Brilliants, they are perfect gems, and all set in SOLID GOLD. They are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds. The best judges fail to detect the imitation from the real; they are produced chemically—are worn in the best society and are really the only perfect substitute ever produced, as they possess all the purity, brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to old rose diamonds of the first water. We are sending out hundreds of them daily, and could fill a volume with the candid expressions of surprise and delight of recipients, from Maine to California. The illustrations below give an accurate outline of the style of setting the

We use but two sizes of Diamante Brilliants—the earrings and ring, each 1-karat stone, the stud 2-karats. They are not dollar-store goods, but are sold in Philadelphia for $5 to $10 each.

We don't sell Diamante Brilliants, but use them as a Premium for the Post. We are entitled to secure the largest subscription list in the country; and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. With such expensive premiums we lose money on the first year's subscription; and if we fail to do all we promise and give a premium which does not meet or exceed the expectations of our readers, our work is thrown away, and first year we can't expect to find you a member of the Post family.

We have studied the premium problem thoroughly, and we offer our Diamante Brilliant Premiums, confidently believing that subscribers who receive them will not only help us get others, but continue our patrons for many years. The new diamonds cost more money and are worth more than any premium ever offered before, for every subscriber is really getting

TEN DOLLARS FOR NOTHING.

We mean business and can't afford to mislead or misrepresent. No more suitable present could be selected for anybody.

Our Offer.—On receipt of three dollars we agree to send The Saturday Evening Post one year—52 issues, and any one of the Diamante Brilliants.

We warrant them to be solid gold (neither rolled gold nor plated), and guarantee their prompt and safe delivery. A club of two subscribers to The Post, one year, accompanied by $4, entitles the sender to either the Ring, Stud, or Earrings, Free. A club of three, one year, and $6, entitles the sender to any two of the three premiums, free. A club of four, one year, and $8, entitles the sender to the Ring, Stud, and Earrings, free; or, for $4, we will extend your subscription two years, and send either Ring, Stud, or Earrings as a premium, free. For $6, will extend subscription three years, and forward any two of the articles as a premium. For $8, will extend subscription four years, and send all three premiums, free. Club subscribers receive any one premium by sending $3 instead of $3. All premiums sent by registered mail. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. NOTE.—If the premiums are not as represented in every particular, return them at once, and we will return your money promptly. The Premiums may be sent to one address and the paper to another.

"TIME TRIES ALL THINGS."—The Post is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America, now in its sixtieth year, and this offer should not be confounded with the bewildering premiums of irresponsible parties. It is a large sixteen-page weekly, elegantly printed, folded, cut, and bound. Its fiction is of the highest order—the very best thought of the best writers of Europe and America. It covers the whole field of a first-class family paper; has Fashion, Needlework, Fireside Chat, Answers to Inquirers, Scientific News, and other departments, Sketches, Narratives, etc. Each volume contains twenty-six Serials, from the pens of the best living authors, and upwards of five hundred short stories, and furnishes an amount of strictly first-class reading matter, alike interesting to every member of the home-circle, which can be obtained nowhere else at $2 a year. The Post is the cheapest paper in existence. It has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability refer to any bank, express-office or reputable firm in Philadelphia.

In ordering state which of the premiums is desired. Size of finger may be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in stiff paper or card-board. Remittances should be made by post-office money order, registered letter, or bank draft. Address,

The Saturday Evening Post 728 Sansom St., Phila., Pa

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF

PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

Dr. Wilbor's Cod-Liver Oil and Lime.—Invalids no longer dread to take that great specific for Consumption, Asthma, and threatening coughs—Cod-Liver Oil and Lime. As prepared by Dr. Wilbor, it is robbed of the nauseating taste, and also embodies a preparation of the Phosphate of Lime, giving Nature the very article required to aid the healing qualities of the Oil, and to re-create where disease has destroyed. This article also forms a remarkable tonic, and will cause weak and debilitated persons to become strong and robust. It should be kept in every family for instant use on the first appearance of Coughs or Irritation of the Lungs. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

LANDRETH'S IMPLEMENT AND SEED WAREHOUSE

Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth St., and S. E. Corner of Delaware Avenue and Arch Street, Philadelphia.

FOUNDED 1784.

Everything of the best for the Farm, Garden or Country Seat. Over 1500 acres under cultivation, growing Landreth's Garden Seeds. Landreth's Rural Register and Almanac for 1883, with catalogue of seeds and directions for culture, in English and German, free to all applicants.

VISITING CARDS.

Best Quality only, at Lowest Prices. 50 Superior Chromos with name 10c. Complete outfit book for agt's 25c. Established 1875. Gilbert Printing Co., Higganum, Ct.

65 Gold, Motto Birds, all Chromos, 48 styles, name on 10c, 6 packs 50c, O. A. Brainard, Higganum, Ct.

AGENTS WANTED.

JESSE AND FRANK JAMES

Our illustrated Lives of the James Brothers is enlarged to 500 Pages with 70 Illustrations, and is complete including the Death and Burial of Jesse. We also illustrate the killing, the house, Jesse James after death, his wife, his two children born in outlawry, the Fords who made the capture, etc., also a full-page engraving of Gov. Crittenden. AGENTS WANTED. Circulars free. Outfits 50 cts. This is the only true history. Beware of smaller editions. One Elegant Illustrated Volume of 500 Pages. Secure only the Best, Largest and Cheapest.

CINCINNATI PUB. CO., No. 176 West 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED for the LIVES and ADVENTURES of the NOTED OUTLAWS,

Frank and Jesse James,

Containing the only complete and authentic account of these **Bold Highwaymen.** *The latest information about the* **Shooting of Jesse.** *The most vividly interesting and exciting book ever written.* **Fully Illustrated. Send 50 cents for complete outfit,** and **write quick** for terms, which are very liberal, and you can make money fast. **Now is the time. DOUGLASS BROS., 53 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

Agents wanted. $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 25 lbs. Sells at $1.50. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., Cincinnati, O.

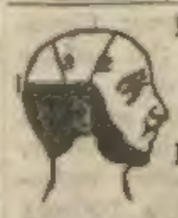
AGENTS PROFITS SELLING OUR NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES

For terms, etc., address W. M. Sutherland & Co., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune; outfit worth $15 free. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

$30 Per Week can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. Sample free. G. W. INGRAHAM & CO., Boston, Mass.

R. DOLLARD, 513 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.



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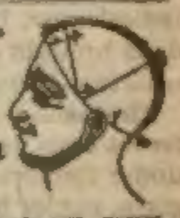

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

A VALUABLE BOOK FREE!

"A Treatise on Chronic Diseases."

Send for this book to the undersigned, a physician of large experience, endorsed by hundreds of leading citizens who testify to his skill. Send stamp to pay postage to

C. E. LIVINGSTON, M. D., Toledo, Ohio.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT CURED in 10 to 20 DAYS.

THOUSANDS of references from persons cured. No pay till cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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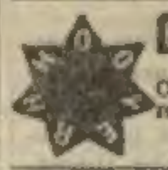

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H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

OPIUM HABIT EASILY CURED with DOUBLE CHLORIDE of GOLD.

Essay Free. *The Morphine User*, 200 pp. $1.00. LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., DWIGHT, Ill.

Hires' Improved Root Beer,

Package 25cts. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling and wholesome Drink. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25cts. Address

CHARLES E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE Send your address with a 3 cent stamp to the ÆTNA CARD CO., 108 Fulton street, New York, and receive 12 beautiful chromo cards, embracing gold, silver, and different tints, with our new price list.

HEADQUARTERS for Chromos of all kinds, Oleograph, Easter, Birthday, Sunday-School and Holiday Cards, fringed or plain. J. Latham & Co., Importers, Manufacturers and Card Publishers, 927 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

OPIUM & MORPHINE EATING. A Treatise on their speedy cure SENT FREE. Dr. J. C. HOFFMAN, P. O. Box 123, Chicago, Ill.

50 HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, New & Artistic designs, name on, in case 10c. Acknowledged best sold. Album of Samples 25c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Conn.

Beatty's Organs 27 stops $90. Pianos $125 up. Factory running day & night. Papers free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

40 Elegant Cards, all Chromo, Motto & Glass, name in gold & jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

50 Chromo Cards, no two alike, name on, 10c. Can't be beat. C. W. BROOKS, Jaundice, Vermont.

30 Gilt-Edge Compliment Cards, with name, in elegant case, 10c. H. M. DOOK, Meriden, Conn.

70 New or 25 beauties, no 2 alike, Chromo Cards with name 10c. E. D. Gilbert. P. M., Higganum, Ct.

100 POPULAR SONGS, no two alike, for 10c. H. J. WELMAN, 30 Chatham St., N. Y.

50 CARDS, Feather & Hard Series &c. in fancy case 10c. Sample 3c. Enquired Card Co., Birmingham, Ct.

80 SAMPLE CARDS, All New, name on 10c. Agts outfit 6c. CARD WORKS, Birmingham, Conn.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

BROWN continues a fashionable shade, and a costume of watered silk, satin, and cashmere is made with a gathered vandyked flounce, with puffings in satin, side pieces secured with large buttons of watered silk, and a drapery of cashmere at the back, having revers of watered silk fastened to the double-breasted basqued bodice. Many of the soft woolen goods are made up with tucked bodices.

An improvement on the Newmarket jacket is the Argyle, which has the same cutaway front of the Newmarket order, and a coat back; it is made in twill coating. As the season advances these jackets, at all events for town wear, will be superseded by silk mantles in rich brocade.

One of these is of the visite shape, trimmed with Spanish lace in treble box-plaits, a gimp ornament between each cluster. It is caught up at the back, a large sash falling below it.

Another novelty in woolen goods is a double close check of the shepherd's plaid order in browns and greens, and almost every variety of gentlemen's "trouserings" in a thinner make of cloth is adapted to ladies' wear, likewise the Rampoor Chuddahs brought out now in all the artistic colorings including shot mixtures.

The fashion of bodices, separate and different from the skirts, is still in high favor, under the form of coats, polonaises, redingotes, panier bodices, etc. Such bodices will be open either en chale, or with a guimpe or waistcoat different from the dress; and lingeres are preparing such guimpes in embroidery and lace, hoping to revive the trade in fancy lingerie.

Moire and the clinging soft satins are most used for these bodices.

To furbish up last year's dresses, a panier-draped sash of the satin surah sold for $1 a yard is used to conceal the edge of the basque.

The box pleats of last year's basques are taken out, and the seams are sewed up, and boned to the edges. A surplice bosom drapery and a narrow pleated scarf on each sleeve are added; the large buttons are replaced by small ones of bull shape, and this sometimes requires the insertion of a pointed vest to hide the large button-holes.

Gold-brocaded bodies, made as pointed cuirasses, are worn over dark colored skirts for the theatre, or a dinner-party, where low-necked dresses are not compulsory. Also black velvet cuirasse pointed bodies may be worn over light-colored satin skirts. Turkish materials are also made up in these bodies.

Stylish travelling cloaks are to be made with cape sleeves, and a double cape collar for slight figures, but, of course for stouter figures this extra collar would not be becoming. The mantle fastens with antique buttons in a double row down the front, and the sleeves should be lined with some bright colored silk or plush.

Black lace ties are still more worn than white ones, but cream and ecru are beginning to be seen. Colored net, matching the costume, and spotted with beads, is sometimes tied in a full bow round the throat, the ends pulled out.

Black, brown of every shade, a new dark tint of iron-grey with a dash of blue about it, bronze, olive, and myrtle-green, seem the favorite colors, with here and there a plum-color and red.

The deep box-plaitings of two colors, in brown and ecru, black and red, or alternate stripes of cashmere and moire or velvet, are very stylish skirts, and over them are worn either very broad scarves, tied round the hips, falling long at the back, or panier tunics.

Pointed bodices are usually seen with them, and the color of the skirt is introduced, sometimes up the back of the sleeve, the sleeve itself being of the darker shade of the stripe.

Velvet or moire capes, with feather trimming, are to be seen, in black, dark brown, or of the color of the costume. The long pelisses of broche silk, with capes, are still popular, and show only the plaitings round the skirts.

These pelisses have the appearance of Newmarket coats with capes; and, in some cases, the cape is made separate, and can be worn merely as a light shoulder wrap.

Matinees, that is house jackets, to be worn over white, black, or colored skirts, and also over skirts to match, are now so dressy and pretty that they are fit for five o'clock teas, and even dinners.

They are made of white or colored flannel as a fine cashmere, and these are the most simple. They are made of lovely cashmere, they are made of washing silk, they are made of muslin, and one is prettier than the other.

Jackets have the advantage that they can be worn over any skirt, whether light or dark, or thin or heavy. They are made very prettily now, tulled into the neck, both back and front. When worn they may either fall quite loosely, or they may have a ribbon sash tied round the waist. The sash will match the color of the jacket. They are long enough to touch the knees, and at the bottom are trimmed round with three rows of lace, which make them look very elegant indeed.

Round the neck is a ruching of lace, and a ribbon to match the sash is also tied round and forms a bow in front. The sleeves are long, and gathered into the wrist; they are trimmed round with a frill of lace and a bow of ribbon at the back of the wrist. They are very pretty in white, cream, blue, or pink flannel, cashmere, or washing silk.

In muslin they are always white. The skirts worn with these jackets, when made to match, are made very long, and have a deep flounce, trimmed to match the jacket. But, as I have already said, they may also be worn over an ordinary skirt of any kind. In every case they are pretty, and convenient, and serve for dressing-robes as well as for morning toilets.

The favorite pardessus for children is the redingote, long enough to cover the dress, or show the edge of the pleated flounce only. They are beautifully cut, so that they fit and are not too tight, but cling to the figure. They are often crenelated at the edge over a pleating, and either button all the way up or are open below the waist lined with silk or plush.

Cloth, dull woolens, and cashmere are the materials chiefly used for every day wear, and velvets for more important occasions; a handsome redingote for a girl of seven is of seal-brown cloth, buttoning up the front; it is open up the sides, a scarf of sky blue satin draping the front and fastening under the backs, which form four separate tails joined by satin pleatings.

The scarf, the parements, and large square collar are edged with lace of the new shade, *ficelle*, or string color, which is a very dark ecru, almost the color of new coarse rope when ravelled out, but darker.

This ficelle lace makes beautiful collars for girls and boys, especially over black or dark rich velvets; it is very suitable for trimming children's dark dresses, as it does not soil easily, a quite fresh dress often appearing worn because the white lace trimming has been soiled, which happens very soon with young children's costumes. The ficelle, or string colored lace, is almost coffee colored, and has a very rich appearance with suitable colors, though effect, of course, is not good with white, cream, pale blue, or pale pink.

It looks handsomer on seal-brown than upon any other color, but cannot be so generally used as the paler shades of lace.

This ficelle lace is made of linen thread resembling macrame lace and is shown also in huge collars and cuffs to be worn by young people over dark dresses.

In Paris the sailor costume is become very fashionable; it is no longer reserved for seaside use, but is worn by boys from three to seven, and little girls also of the same ages.

The skirt is always pleated, and for little girls a band of galpure or plush is sewn flat on the skirt and pleated with materials; the collar and sleeves are edged to match, and the anchors, which are indispensable, are embroidered in gold thread.

For boys costume is generally made in pale blue cloth, with collar and parements of vandyke red plush, which is rather sombre; the anchors are embroidered in red silk on two corners of the large collar and on the left sleeve.

For a little girl of six, a pretty little sailor suit is of pale blue cloth, the short pleated skirt trimmed with a bias band of navy blue cloth, over which falls the long pleated blouse, open over a knitted vest of striped pale and dark blue wool, the sailor collar and parements being of navy blue plush; anchors of gold thread are embroidered on the collar.

Fireside Chat.

EMBROIDERED stripes of material are always handy in a home, where there is scarcely any article, whether chair, screen, sofa, mantelboard, curtain, table-cloth, etc., which cannot be rendered more ornamental by such additions.

Perhaps on no articles, however, do bands of needle-work serve more purposes than on the bamboo furniture so popular throughout the summer for gardens and tents and piazza. During the winter season, of course, these graceful lounges will be appropriated for conservatories, ante-rooms, and all sorts of quiet nooks, where a seat that can be easily carried about is such an acquisition. A pretty example of a chair and sofa is composed of a frame-work of white-tipped bamboo or wicker work across which is slung a series of cords, terminated by worsted tassels of brighter color.

On this pliant foundation are stretched spaced strips of cloth, serge, saddle-girth, velvet, plush, or any stout material of a shade harmonising well with the canes; fawn or old gold, for instance, is an agreeable tint.

Each stripe has been previously decorated by stitchery in gay filoselle, the lighter the style the better; a cross-stitch star, an outlined leaf, or a fan in long stitches will be quite sufficient, and as metallic adornment has become so general, a spare dotting of flat spangles might not be out of place; it is worked in arrasene or filoselle of two colors, couched down by gold thread of sparkling coraline wool.

A good design for a border and fringe suitable for gipsy tables, tea screens, and brackets, besides all the nameless work-baskets and newspaper racks in fancy and gilded wicker has a ground of light-colored cloth-grey, dove-color, turquoise-blue, biscuit, or tilleul—is traversed by a narrow strip of contrasting plush, caught down with a feather-stitching in filoselle.

Below are fan stitches worked in wool, and tipped with silk French knots. A buttonhole stitch outlines the edge.

Fancy is perfectly free in the reproduction of such trimmings; chenille and arrasene may be used either wholly or in combination with worsted and silk; the variegated flake and diamond yarns also come in with very bright effect.

In dress, similar garnitures are occasionally wrought in beads, metallic thread, and silks on bands of silk or satin, with the netted points in beads completed by faceted drops.

There is something delightfully inviting in the roomy padded lounges that have been of late in vogue.

Quaint and old-fashioned, with their simple square lines, they have the most homely air of comfort, while their capacious size allows a capital display of any rich covering material.

Buried in the soft recesses of these sofas and chairs, who would desire in their place the bony, curved, and scrolled specimens of the stereotyped drawing-room suite, the very shapelessness of which is very often distressful to the peace and comfort of an afternoon nap?

Well, if labor earns repose, there never was a time when cosy resting-places were more important.

In the whirl of the day, the city man and the busy housewife alike have to tax brains and limbs to the utmost powers of endurance, and oh, the relief of sinking down in some friendly shelter, to cast erewhile into dreamy oblivion all the worries of bills and ban servants, unpunctual orders and smoky chimneys, crushes, bickerings, infantile ailments, and the various items which go to pile up the agonies of a nineteenth century life.

But, come, our ease-loving propensities must not carry us too far; the details of these lounges are quite practical. A number of different fabrics could be used for covering these sofas and chairs! Perhaps simplest of all is dark serge enhanced with outline work in crewels, of which artistic specimens can often be seen at the School of Art Needlework.

Shells, daisies, and other small repeat patterns are often wrought, with the modest finish of cord and worsted ball fringe. In this style peacock-blue and faded green take the precedence for color, but in more handsome sofas, upholstered in velvet and plush, garnet and dull crimson are very fashionable.

How gorgeous some of these look, with their massive embroideries in gold bullion and tinsel! The design is massed principally at the back, and on a scalloped or vandyked valance drooping below the seat, and weighted with ponderous tassels.

Again, there are all the wonders of the revived Gobelin tapestry, which animates our furniture and hangings with scenes of other days, from the sweet pastorals to stirring hunting pictures.

The celestial blue ground is very popular. Two or three weeks ago a spacious drawing-room was entirely fitted up with blue tapestry, whereon rural figures like Little Boy Blue and Mary, Mary, quite Contrary, were brightly wrought. In some new cushions handsome Gobelin designs are worked on Penelope canvas, and framed by trails of leaves or fruit, executed in long horizontal stitches, and filled in with longer ones of dark graduated tints.

Besides these tapestries, there are many other mixed fabrics woven in rich designs, some being interspersed with gold and silver thread. Such stuffs, as well as pale brocades, are usually set off by enclosing bands of plush in some appropriate color.

Nor must we forget the whole army of Persian rugs which have come into use for sofas and chairs. Several small ones are generally preferred for the divided cushions of backs and arms, while a single rug is stretched over the seat.

Sometimes the edges are turned in and seamed to velvet sides, and in other cases the hempen fringe is left on two sides at least. Huge rosettes of variegated worsted complete the corners, and the fringe consists of vandykes in string color, with a confusion of fluffy tassels. For chairs, etc., upholstered in fancy silk, even bead fringes have been attempted; a glittering heading of white and colors is most effective for corkscrew strands of bigger beads.

THERE is no denying that moonbeams are the strongest timber used in building castles in the air.

Correspondence.

PARIS, (Erie, Pa.)—We will look it over.

G. W. A., (Humboldt.)—The firm is in every way reliable.

CONSTANT R., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We do not know of any such affair.

HISTORICUS, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The "Invincible Armada," as the Spaniards called it, was sent against England in the year 1588.

J. D. N.—The "reis" is a Portuguese coin. It is of little value, though all the money calculations of the country are made in it. Five hundred reis are equal to twenty-five cents in our currency.

CORNWALL, (Fayette, O.)—You had better follow the dictates of your own heart. If the young man is really steady and persevering, Dame Fortune will surely smile on him once again, and ensure your happiness.

WINDROM, (Lititz, Pa.)—Chapped hands may be cured by the application of glycerine; it is also an excellent thing after you have washed your hands and rubbed with a dry towel to rub a little ordinary flour on the parts affected.

JENNIE, (Preston, W. Va.)—We should certainly not advise you to seek the young man; you are comparative strangers and to do so would be unmaidenly. Trust in the course of events, for if he cares for you at all he will certainly again seek your society.

GEO. GOUGHER, (Morgan, Ind.)—Braw means handsome in person, or well-dressed. The Scotch say a gentleman is braw if he has a handsome person; a lady is braw when she is finely dressed. If a bull runs into a china shop it is said to be on the rampage.

ESSAY, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—See some encyclopædia under the letter T. But in writing your essay do not attempt too much. Tell your hearers all that you know or have been able to learn on the subject. The manner of the essay will be more closely looked into than the matter.

R. E. D., (Addison, Vt.)—Blushing is the result of involuntary action of the nerves on the blood vessels. We cannot give you any specific remedy, but should advise you to enter into society as much as possible; you will gradually gain confidence and will soon be able to avoid the objectionable habit.

MAUDIE, (Lawrence, N. Y.)—You ought not to speak to the young man again until he apologises for the insult. We cannot tell whether it was love or jealousy that prompted him to insult you, not having the honor of the young man's acquaintance, and knowing nothing of his character and conduct.

J. H. P., (Sanford, Fla.)—We think the young lady acted fairly. She was not at liberty to accept your escort under the circumstances. If you had asked the other gentleman if he would be satisfied, and got an affirmative answer, that would have altered the matter. The fact that he accompanied the sister does not affect the affair.

W. M., (Campbell, Ga.)—The man who is fortunate enough to get a wife with the characteristics you enumerate, is to be envied. It is not the worst thing that could happen a man to have his wife "rule him unconsciously." It would be better for many men and their families if they would let their wives rule them more than they do.

J. T. V., (Woodford, Ill.)—Antonio Stradivari, or Stradivarius, as he is also called, was a celebrated maker of violins in Cremona, Italy. He was born in 1644, and died in 1737. Instruments of his make are highly esteemed, and sell from one to three thousand dollars apiece. The label upon your violin differs somewhat from the genuine one, as put upon his instruments by himself. You say that yours is "Stradivarius Cremona," etc. The genuine label has "Stradivarius Cremonensis," etc. Attempts have often been made to counterfeit his instruments. Yours is probably an imitation.

HARRY, (Anson, N. C.)—The family at whose house you attended the party where you saw one of the young ladies, would, in all probability, be able to give you the desired information, so far as she is concerned, if you could describe her to them, so that they could identify her. In that way you could probably find some one who would give you an introduction to the young lady. That would be the proper way to make her acquaintance. As to the suitable topics for conversation with ladies, and in society, they cannot be profitably suggested in cold blood. They spring out of the situation. You must observe how others converse, and catch the tone of the occasion.

ROBERT, (Suwannee, Fla.)—Silver, like gold, and sometimes in connection with gold, is found mixed with rock, lead, and other metals, sometimes cropping out from the surface, and also at all depths down to many thousands of feet into the bowels of the earth. Shafts or wells are sunk into a silver mine, and then chambers are run off in various directions at various depths. The ore is dug or blasted out in the chambers, transported to the shaft, and then hoisted to the surface. It is then crushed and pulverized, so as to free the silver from the alloys, and the metal is washed out, or extracted by chemicals, and sometimes by smelting, and various other processes too intricate for description here. The Nevada and Colorado silver mines are supposed to be the richest in the world. The price of silver fluctuates.

J. J. J. (Milwaukee, Wis.)—You ask, "What kind of a woman is a mercurial woman?" She is a woman one sees often, and whose power to give and receive impressions is truly marvellous. She can condense an infinite quantity of sensations in a given time. She is joyous, depressed, subdued, elated, all at one and the same time. It is a question whether she enjoys more or suffers more than her neighbor, who is the perfection of quiet repose. She is the subject of so many impressions that it is little wonder she fails to retain any one for a perceptible length of time. To her, life is a kaleidoscope. Her character, or, to be more charitable, the manifestations of her character, are so variable that it would not be strange if she were herself a little puzzled to know which phase was more peculiarly her own. As a summer tourist, her transitional possibilities fully develop themselves. She is apt to live in three or four places at once, if the fact that a woman's home is where her trunk is, be true, for she will have one at every known point of her orbit. Yet there are compensations. She sips the foam of many lives. She skims all the new books and periodicals. She meets the pleasant people who drift about summers, and she is the law unto herself; a creator of her own kingdom, and not without her influence on others.